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SWEET FIELDS OF EDEN;

FOR THE

SABBATH SCHOOL.

BY

J. H. TENNEY, ALDINE S. KIEFFER,

and

WM. B. BLAKE.

RUEBUSH, KIEFFER & CO.,

Music Publishers,

DAYTON, Rockingham Co., Virginia.

1882.

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DEDICATION

To the Sabbath School children of America;

To the friends of Sacred song; and

To all who wait and watch for the appearing of

OUR LORD AND SAVIOR, JESUS CHRIST,

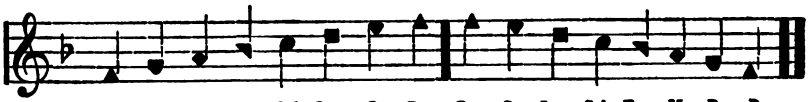
and for that glorious day when the "wilderness shall blossom as the rose," and when "the land shall be as the garden of Eden before them," this volume, "SWEET FIELDS OF EDEN," is respectfully dedicated.

If anticipations of the great company, who stand in white about the THRONE, and their blest employment, are numerous in this little book, it is because the theme is precious to the writers.

March 10, 1882.

J. H. TENNEY.
A. S. KIEFFER.
W. B. BLAKE.

THE SCALE.



Doe, Ray, Mee, Faw, Sole, Law, See, Doe, Doe, See, Law, Sole, Faw, Mee, Ray, Doe.

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J. M. ARMSTRONG & CO., MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, Philadelphia.

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Sweet Fields of Eden.

JEHOVAH JIREH.

MRS. M. A. W. COOK. (THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.) J. H. TENNEY.

1 In some way or oth - er the Lord will pro - vide:
2 At some time or oth - er the Lord will pro - vide:
3 De - spond, then, no lon - ger; the Lord will pro - vide;
4 March on, then, right bold - ly; the sea, shall di - vide;

It may not be my way, It may not be thy way;
It may not be my time, It may not be thy time;
And this be the to - ken, No word He hath spo - ken
With Ca - naan be - fore us, With Heaven's mer - cy o'er us;

And yet in his own way "The Lord will pro - vide."
And yet in his own time "The Lord will pro - vide."
Hath ev - er been bro - ken, "The Lord will pro - vide."
We'll join in the cho - rus, "The Lord will pro - vide."

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ROLL ON, DARK STREAM.

MRS. CROSBY. FRANCIS ANSON EVANS.

1 'Twill not be long our jour-ney here, Each bro- ken sigh and fall- ing tear;
2 'Twill not be long,—the yearning heart May feel its ev'-ry hope de-part,
3 Tho' sad we mark the clos-ing eye Of those we loved in days gone by;
4 These chequered wilds, with thorns o'erspread, Thro' which our way so oft is led,—

We'll soon be gone and all will be A cloud-less sky, a wave-less sea.
And grief be min- gled with its song: We'll meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
Yet sweet in death their lat - est song—We'll meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
This march of time, if faith be strong, Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

CHORUS.

Roll on, dark stream, we dread not thy foam,

Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, ... foam, roll on,

The pil - grim is long - ing for home, sweet home

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FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Beau - ti - ful Faith that will lead us, Kind - ly and gent - ly a - long,
2 Beau - ti - ful Hope that will cheer us, As we our jour-ney pur - sue,
3 Beau - ti - ful Love that will bind us, Clos - er to - geth - er each day,

Thro' the dark clouds that as - sail us, Mak-ing our life a glad song.
Fill - ing us ev - er with rap - ture, Bringing our heav - en in view.
Mak- ing this world like an E - den, Help-ing us on in our way.

Mak-ing our life a glad song, Mak - ing our life a glad song;
Bringing our heav - en in view, Bring - ing our heav - en in view;
Helping us on in our way, Help - ing us on in our way;

Thro' the dark clouds that as - sail us, Mak-ing our life a glad song.
Fill - ing us ev - er with rap - ture, Bringing our heav-en in view.
Mak -ing this world like an E - den, Helping us on in our way.

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BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sowing in the
2 Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fearing neith-er
3 Go, then, e-ven weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-

noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of
clouds nor win-ter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor
tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us

reap-ing, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
end-ed, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
wel-come, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-

Bring-ing in the gold-en sheaves, Bringing in the gold-en sheaves,

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BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES. CONCLUDED.

joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the

Bringing in the golden sheaves, Bringing in the

sheaves, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.

gold - en sheaves.

SCHILLER. C. M.

C. J. MILLER.

1 No change of time shall ev - er shock My trust, O Lord, in thee;
2 Thou our de - liv - 'rer art, O God; Our trust is in thy power;

For thou hast al - ways been my rock, A sure de - fence to me.
Thou art our shield from foes a - broad, Our safeguard and our tower.

3 To thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe;
O, may we, by thy watchful care
Be saved from every foe.

4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend;
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend?

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PRAY FOR THE WANDERER!

REV. C. M. HOTT. A. S. KINNYKER.

1 Far in the des - ert wild, Walk - ing a drear - y way;
2 Ten - der - ly bid they come, Back from sin's wil - der-ness;
3 Plead now at mer - cy's gate For each poor wan - d'ring one,
4 Pray; and with love en - treat, All who by sin are pressed,

Suff - ring and sin - de - filed;— Go - ing a - stray!
Come to our Fa - ther's home, Saved by his grace.
Soon it will be too late, Life will be gone.
Bid them at Je - sus' feet, Find end - less rest.

CHORUS.

Pray for the wan - der - er, Pray for the wan - der - er,

Pray for the wan - der - er, Go - ing a - stray!

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SWEET LAND OF REST.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1 Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh: When will the mo - ment come
2 No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt' - ring dome;
3 To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest; He bade me cease to roam,

When I can lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home.
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
But fly for suc - cor to his breast, And he'd con - duct me home.

CHORUS.

Sweet land of rest, Sweet land of song, sweet home of joy and love;

I long to join thy ran-som'd choir, And sing with saints a - bove.

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BLESS THE LORD!

ALDINE. A. S. KIRPPER.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul! I am go - ing home,
2 Bless the Lord, O my soul! Friends long gone be - fore
3 Bless the Lord, O my soul! Crowns of glo - ry rare

To that land of light and joy Where hap - py an - gels roam.
Throng the courts of heavenly love, Where sor - rows come no more.
Are laid up in that bright land For you and I to wear.

CHORUS.

On that bright hap - py shore, When this

On that bright, hap - py shore, on that bright hap - py shore, When this

brief life is o'er,
brief life is o'er, when this brief life is o'er, } We shall never weep nor sigh, while e -

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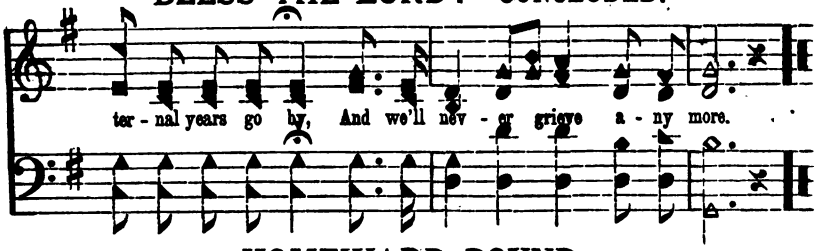
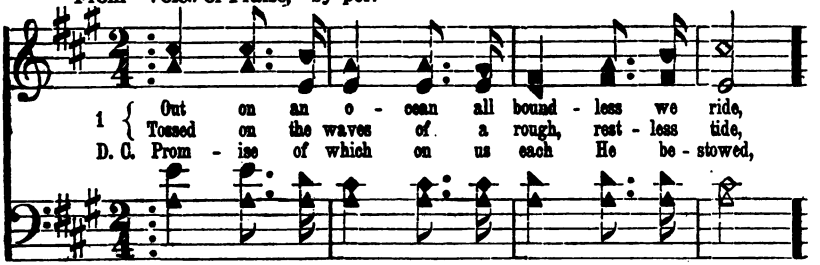
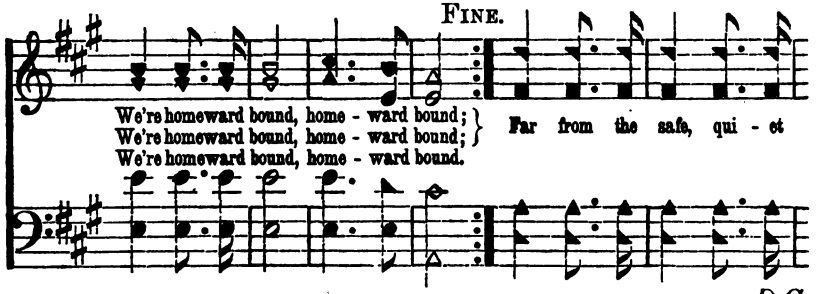
BLESS THE LORD! CONCLUDED.

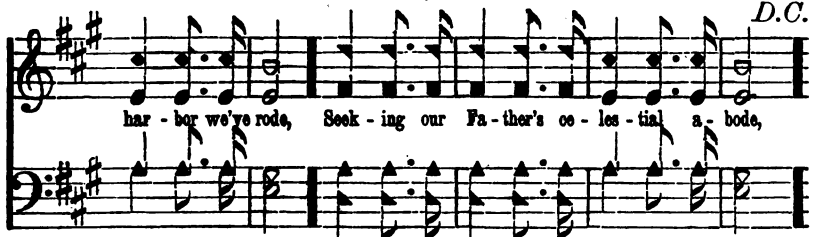


HOMEWARD BOUND.

From "Voice of Praise," by per.







2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heaven we glide,
We're home at last;
Softly we drift o'er its bright silver tide,
We're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

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I AM WAITING.

W. O. CURLING. REV. W. M. WEEKLEY.

1 I am wait-ing by the riv-er, And my heart has wait-ed long;
2 Far a-way be-yond the sha-dows Of this wea-ry vale of tears,
3 They are launch-ing on the riv-er, From the calm and qui-et shore;
4 Oh, I long to be with Je-sus, In the man-sions of the blest,

Now I think I hear the cho-rus Of the an-gels' wel-come song.
There the tide of bliss is sweep-ing, Thro' the bright and changeless years.
And they soon will bear my spir-it Where the wea-ry sigh no more.
Where the wick-ed cease from troub-ling, And the wea-ry are at rest.

CHORUS.

I'm wait - - - ing for the boat-man, I am
I'm wait-ing, I am wait-ing for the boat-man, I am

wait - - - - ing till he comes; } I am wait-ing on the shore, For my
waiting, I am wait-ing till he comes; }

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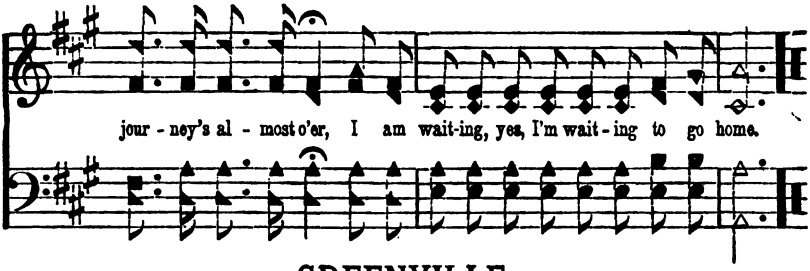
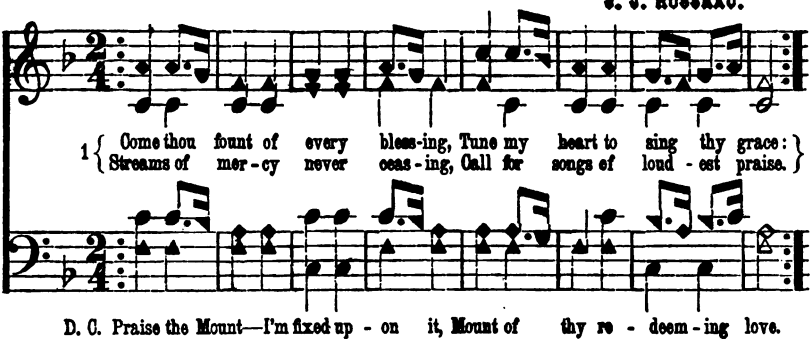
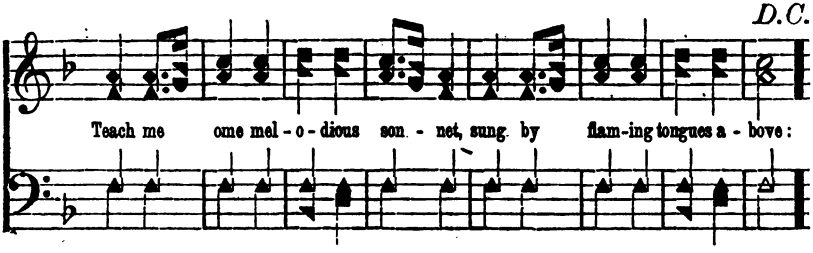
I AM WAITING. CONCLUDED.



GREENVILLE.

J. J. ROSSEAU.





2

Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3

O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it:
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

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KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

A. S. KIRPPER.

1 I'm kneel - ing at the thres - hold so wea - ry, faint and sore;
2 A wea - ry path I've trav - eled, 'mid dark - ness, storm and strife;
3 Me - thinks I hear the voic - es of loved ones as they stand,
4 The friends that start - ed with me, have en - tered long a - go;

Wait - ing for the dawn - ing, the ope - ning of the door;
Bear - ing many a bur - den, still strug - gling for my life;
Sing - ing in the sun - shine of that fair, sin - less land;
One by one they left me, still strug - gling with the foe;

I'm wait - ing till the Mas - ter shall bid me rise and come,
But now the morn is break - ing, my toil will soon be o'er,
Oh, would that I were with them, a - mid their shin - ing throng,
Their pil - grim - age was short - er, their tri - umph soon - er won,

To his own glo - rious pres - ence, the glad - ness of His home!
I'm kneel - ing at the thres - hold, My hand is on the door.
And ming - ling in their wor - ships and join - ing in their song.
How lov - ing - ly they hail me, when all my toil is done.

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KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD. CONCLUDED

CHORUS.

Kneel - ing at the thres - hold, wea - ry, faint and sore;

Kneel - ing at the thres - hold, my hand is on the door.

MARKELL. C. M.

A. S. KIRVVER.

1 Why should our tears in sor - row flow, When God re - calls his own,
2 Their toils are past, their work is done, And they are ful - ly blest;
3 Then let our sor - rows cease to flow, God has re - called his own;

And bids them leave a world of woe, For an im - mor - tal crown.
They fought the fight, the vic - t'ry won, And en - tered in - to rest.
But let our hearts, in ev' - ry woe, Still say,—Thy will be done.

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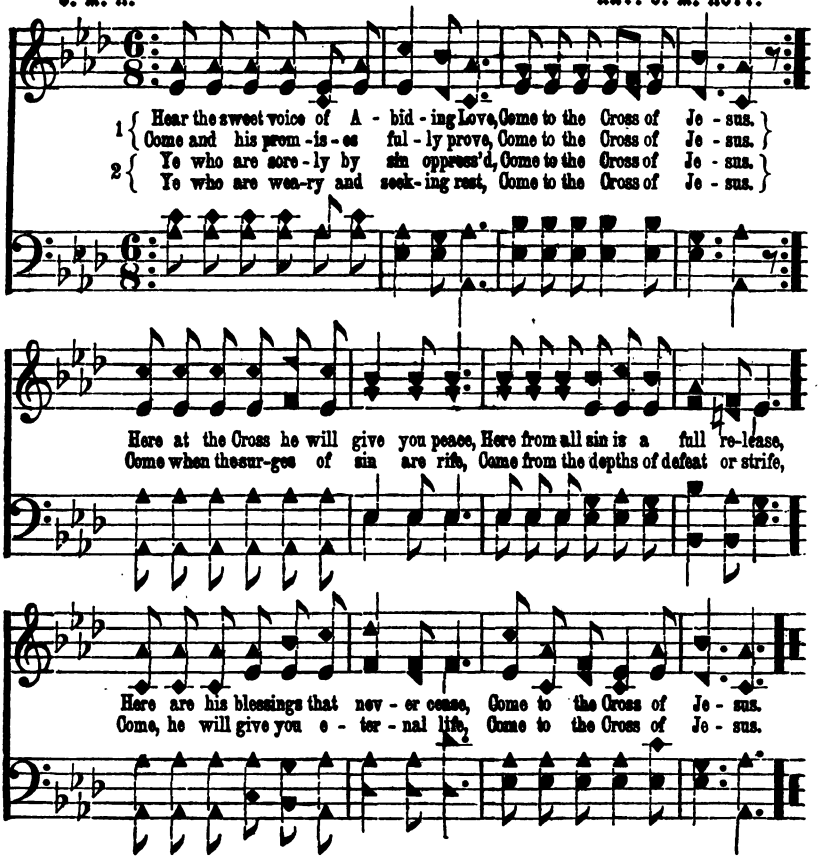
COME TO THE CROSS OF JESUS.

C. M. H. REV. C. M. HOTT.



3 Ye who are hardened and far away,
Come to the Cross of Jesus.
Hear him so tenderly plead to-day,
Come to the Cross of Jesus.
Though you have slighted his love so long,
Gone with your heart in the ways of wrong,
Still he will save with his arm so strong,
Come to the Cross of Jesus.

4 Why will you die when there yet is room?
Come to the Cross of Jesus.
Why will you perish in sight of home?
Come to the Cross of Jesus.
What will you do when He comes at last?
How can you live till his wrath is past!
Oh, heed this call, it may be the last!
Come to the Cross of Jesus.

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TRUSTING IN JESUS.

Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law. GAL. 3: 13.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Christ hath redeemed us from bondage and sin; Wonderful story—the sweetest e'er heard;
2 Won-der-ful sto-ry, yes, wondrous indeed! Je-sus should come from his heaven above,
3 Look then, poor sinners, yes, look un-to God, Plenteous his mercy, his pardon is free;
4 Tell them, the sto-ry, so wondrous to all, Un-to the heathen, the poor and the blind;

Tell us of heaven and bids us come in — On-ly believe Him and trust in his word.
Die for poor sinners that come in their need, Pleading for mercy, for pardon and love.
Follow the footsteps our Master has trod, Trust in the Saviour who's pleading for thee.
Tell them of Je-sus who answers their call, Bids them to seek and salvation they'll find.

CHORUS.

Trust - - ing in Je - - - sus, yes, trust - ing His love; . .
Trusting in Je-sus, yes, trusting His love, Trusting in Je-sus, yes, trusting His love;

Of - - - fered so free - - ly from heav - en a - bove.
heav'n above.
Offered so free-ly from heaven above, Offered so freely from heaven above.

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ON TO VICTORY.

T. C. O'KANE.

1 Raise your ban - ner high in air, Write cold wa - ter—write it there,
2 Temp'-rance ban - ner raise it high, Let its folds gleam in the sky,

March - ing, march-ing on to vic - to - ry; Let its folds be wide un-furled,
March - ing, march-ing on to vic - to - ry; March, ab-stain - ers, march ye on,

Let it float o'er all the world, Marching, march-ing on to vic - to - ry:
Soon the bat - tle will be won, Marching, march-ing on to vic - to - ry:

CHORUS.

March - ing, march - ing on to vic - to - ry, March - ing, march - ing,

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ON TO VICTORY. CONCLUDED.

this ye soon shall see; Press, ab-stain-ers, press ye on,

Cease not till the bat-tle's won, March-ing, march-ing on to vic-to-ry.

CALLIE. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 I mourn for house-hold voic-es gone, For vanished smiles I long;
2 And so be-side the si-lent sea, I wait the muf-fled oar;
3 I know not where His is-lands lift Their frond-ed palms in air;

But God hath led my dear ones on, And He can do no wrong.
No harm from Him can come to me, On o-cean or on shore.
I on-ly know I can-not drift Be-yond His love and care.

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SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

T. W. DENNINGTON.

1 Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free,—
2 Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
3 Pass me not, O Gra-cious Sav-iour, Let me live and cling to thee;

Show'rs the thirsty land re-fresh-ing; Let some drop-pings fall on me.
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let thy mer-cy light on me.
Fain I'm long-ing for thy fav-or; Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me.

CHORUS.

E-ven me, e-ven me, { Let some drop-pings fall on me;
Let thy mer-cy light on me;
e-ven me, even me, { Whilst thou'rt call-ing, call for me;

E-ven me, e-ven me, { Let some drop-pings fall on me.
Let thy mer-cy light on me.
e-ven me, even me, { Whilst thou'rt call-ing, call for me.

LEAVE THEM NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOUR.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. GEORGE W. BRUMKISTER.

1 Leave them not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Though by sin de - filed;
2 They have fall - en by the way - side, Snares a - bout their feet;
3 Pit - y reign-eth in thy bos - om, Kind - ness in thy heart;
4 Thine shall be the praise and glo - ry, Thine the hon - or, pow'r;

With thy ten - der - ness and mer - cy, Help each fall - en child.
Raise them up and bid them wel-come, To thy mer - cy - seat.
Gen - tle words a - lone can turn them To life's bet - ter part.
When their blind-ed eyes are o - pened To re - pent - ance's hour.

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, near them ev - er be;
Through thy ten - der - ness and mer - cy, Bring them un - to thee.

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TELL US SOMETHING MORE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. ROBERTS, by per.

1 Tell us something more of the love of Je - sus, Chris-tain, tell us something more;
2 Tell us something more of the Cru - ci - fix - ion, Tell us how he bled and died;
3 Tell us something more of the Ho - ly Cit-y, Where they strewed the way with palms;

Tell us how he suff-er'd death from sin - ners, Tell us of the cross he bore.
Tell us of the blood that ev - er cleans - es, Flow-ing from his wounded side.
Tell us how he gath-er'd lit - tle chil - dren In - to his most lov - ing arms.

CHORUS.

Tell us, Chris - tian, tell us, Tell us some - thing more;

Tell us, Chris - tian, tell us, Tell us some - thing more.

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REST, WEARY ONE.

MARIA STRAUB. J. H. TENNEY.

* Please vary these words according to the occasion.

1 Rest, dear - est * { broth - er, / sis - ter, / one, for } thy jour - ney is o'er, Rest, sweet - ly rest, on the beau - ti - ful shore; Safe - ly at last thou hast reached the bright goal, Fa - - - - ther-land, home of the soul.

2 Nev - er a - gain shall thy storm-beat - en breast, Sigh, deep - ly sigh, for the sweet "land of rest;" Gone to the Sav - iour's bright man - sion a - bove, Rest . . . . in the light of His love.

3 Rest, dear - est * { broth - er, / sis - ter, / one, for } thy jour - ney is o'er, Rest, sweet - ly rest, on the beau - ti - ful shore; Dan - gers and trou - bles shall harm thee no more, Rest . . . . on the beau - ti - ful shore.

rit.

Land of our Fa - ther, the home of the soul.
Rest, ev - er rest,
Rest, sweet - ly rest,

From "SONGS OF THE CROSS," by per.

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IN THE SHADOW OF HIS WING.

W. B. B. WM. B. BLAKE.

1 I am rest-ing in the shad-ow of Je-sus' wing, And my
2 I am rest-ing in the shad-ow of Je-sus' wing, And my
3 I am rest-ing in the shad-ow of Je-sus' wing, And no

comfort can never be told: Oh, the length, breadth and depth of His matchless love, That would
joy is the joy of the blest; In this shel-ter-ing shade not a hurt-ful thing Can dis-
foe can my ref-uge dis-place: So a song of sweet peace to my soul I'll sing As I

CHORUS.

glad-ly all man-kind en-fold.
turb the re-pose of my rest.
gaze on the dear Sav-iour's face.

Rest-ing in the shad-ow,

rest-ing, This shall be the song I sing,
rest-ing in the shadow, The song I sing,

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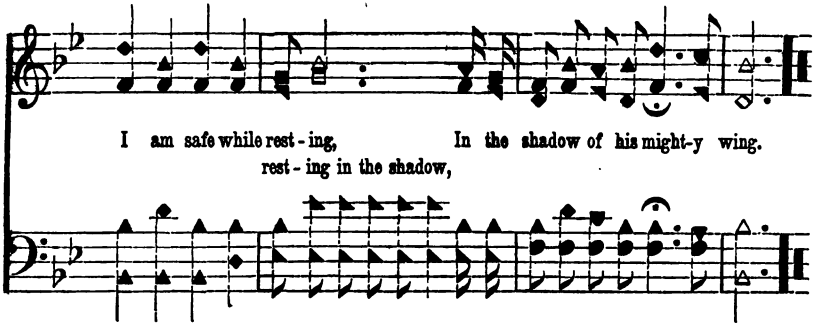
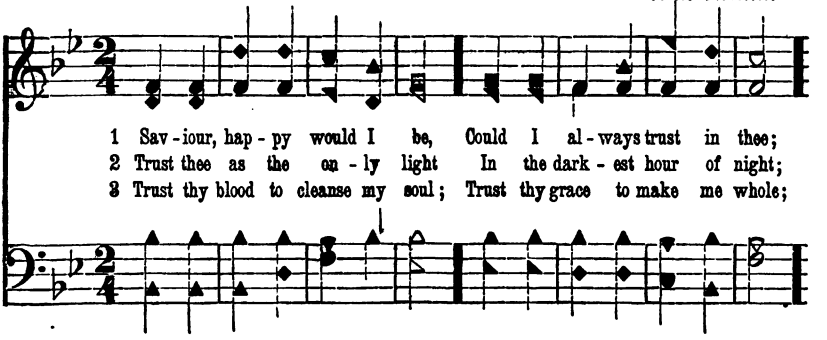
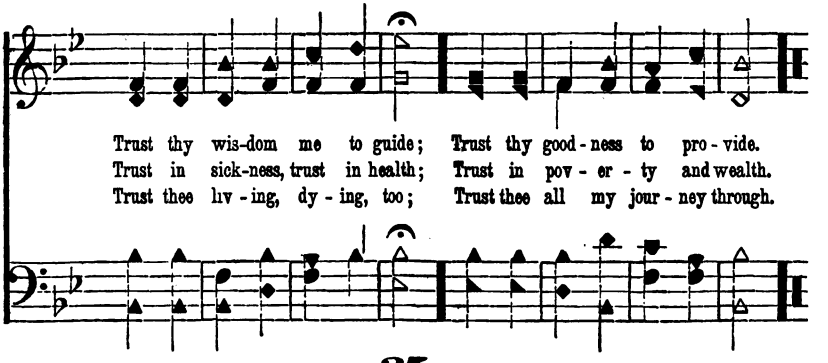
IN THE SHADOW OF HIS WING. CONCLUDED.



LULEMON. 7s.

S. H. SWANK.





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ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

J. H. TENNEY.

Slowly and gently.

1 O'er the hill the sun is set-ting, And the eve is draw-ing on,
2 "One day near-er," sings the sail-or, As he glides the wa-ters o'er,
3 Worn and wea-ry, oft the pil-grim Hails the set-ting of the sun,
4 Near-er home! yes, one day near-er To our Fa-ther's house on high,

Slow-ly drops the gen-tle twi-light, For an-oth-er day is gone;
While the light is soft-ly dy-ing On his dis-tant na-tive shore;
For the goal is one day near-er, And his jour-ney near-ly done;
To the green fields and the foun-tains Of the land be-yond the sky;

Gone for aye, its race is o-ver, Soon the dark-er shades will come,
Thus the Chris-tian on life's o-cean, As his life-boat cuts the foam,
Thus we feel, when o'er life's des-ert, Heart and san-dal worn we roam,
For the heav'ns grow bright-er o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome,

Still 'tis sweet to know at e-ven We are one day near-er home.
In the eve-ning cries with rap-ture, "I am one day near-er home."
As the twi-light gath-ers o'er us, We are one day near-er home.
And our tents are pitched still clo-ser, For we're one day near-er home.

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ONE DAY NEARER HOME. CONCLUDED.

REFRAIN.

Near - - er home, Near - - er home;
Near - er, near - er, near - er home, Near - er, near - er home;

Repeat pp.

Oh, 'tis sweet to know at e - ven We are one day near - er home.

AIRHART. C. M.

M. S. KERBY.

1 To our Re-deem-er's glo - rious name A - wake the sa - cred song;
2 His love, what mor - tal thought can reach! What mor - tal tongue dis - play;
3 Dear Lord, while we, a - dor - ing, pay Our hum - ble thanks to thee,

Oh, may his love—im - mor - tal flame! Tune ev' - ry heart and tongue.
Im - ag - in - a - tion's ut - most stretch In won - der dies a - way.
May ev' - ry heart with rap - ture say "The Sav - iour died for me."

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THE PURE WATER OF LIFE.

"Whosoever will let him come, and take the water of life freely."

E. P. MRS. EMMA PITT

1 There's a beau - ti - ful riv - er of wa - ter so pure, That flows thro' the
2 The strains of redeemed ones float o - ver that stream, As glad - ly it
3 Come and drink of this wa - ter and thirst nev - er - more, Oh, why will you

cit - y of God— And oft in my vis-ions its light I have seen, And
ripples a - long, Oh, list to the mu - sic to catch the sweet notes, And
longer de - lay? Your Sav-iour in-vites and how sweet is the voice, That

CHORUS.

long'd for that hap - py a - bode.
join in that heav - en - ly song.
calls to you, sin - ner, to - day.

The wa - ter of life—the pure

wa - ter of life, Free - ly flow - ing for you and for me, Will you

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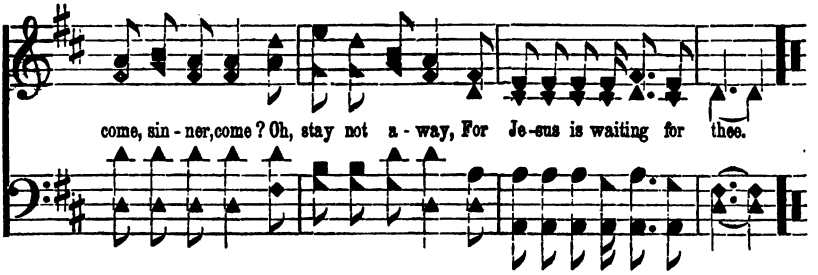
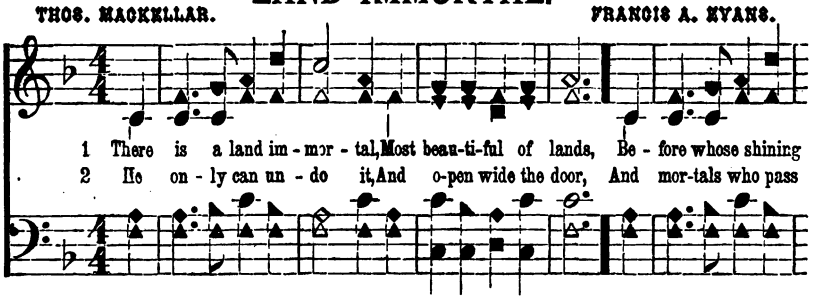
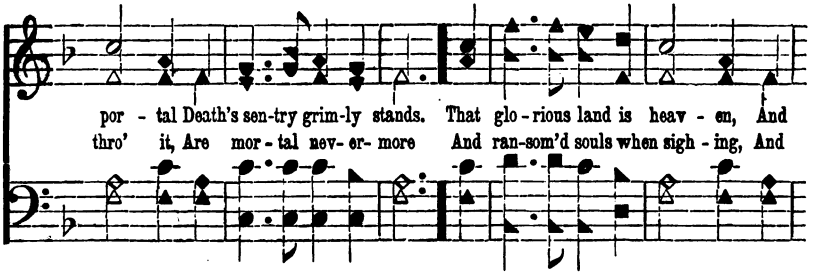
THE PURE WATER OF LIFE. CONCLUDED.

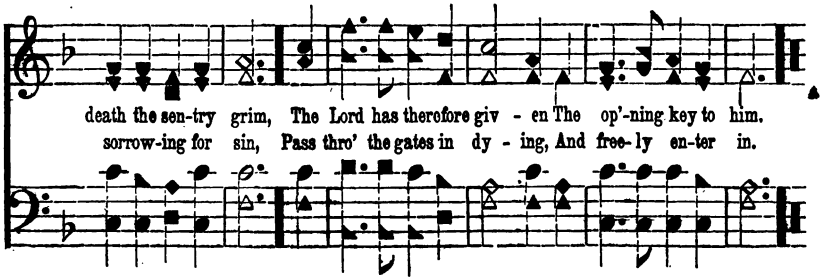


LAND IMMORTAL.

THOS. MACKELLAR. FRANCIS A. EVANS.







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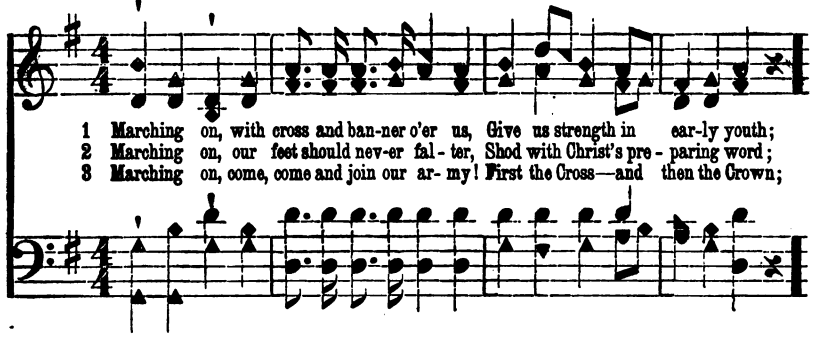
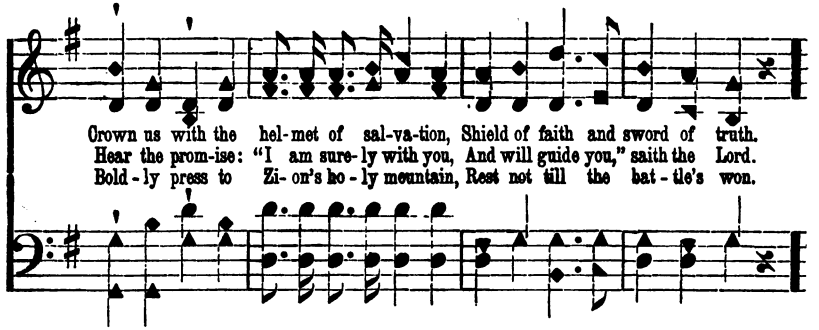
W. B. B. **MARCHING TO ZION.** WM. B. BLAKE.

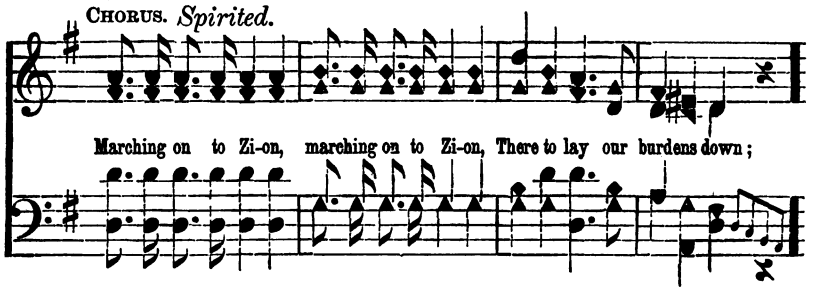


1 Marching on, with cross and ban-ner o'er us, Give us strength in ear-ly youth;
2 Marching on, our feet should nev-er fal - ter, Shod with Christ's pre - paring word;
3 Marching on, come, come and join our ar- my! First the Cross—and then the Crown;

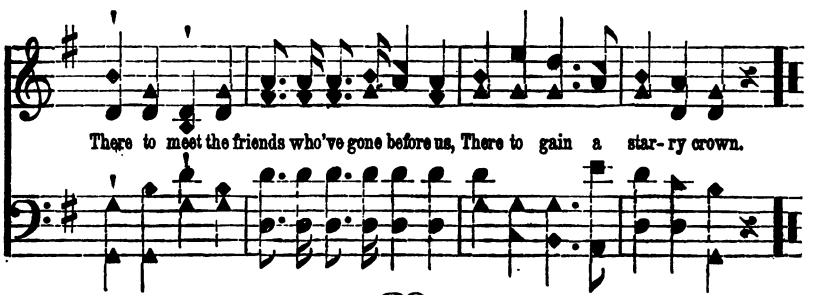


Crown us with the hel-met of sal-va-tion, Shield of faith and sword of truth.
Hear the prom-ise: "I am sure-ly with you, And will guide you," saith the Lord.
Bold - ly press to Zi- on's ho - ly mountain, Rest not till the bat - tle's won.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*



Marching on to Zi-on, marching on to Zi-on, There to lay our burdens down;



There to meet the friends who've gone before us, There to gain a star- ry crown.

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EVENING HYMN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Slow and gentle.

1 Saviour, breathe an eve-ning blessing, Ere re-pose our spir - its seal;
2 Though destruc-tion walk a-round us, Though the ar-row past us fly,

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
An - gel-guards from thee surround us, We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and drear - y, Darkness can not hide from Thee;
Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

Thou art he, who nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where the peo - ple be.
May the morn of heav'n a - wake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom.

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OLDEN MEMORIES.

A. S. KINYVER,
GREENVILLE, ALA., OCT. 26, 1881.

Dolce.

1 I sit and watch the gold - en stars Be - gem the a - zure blue,
2 I hear the song you used to sing In sum - mer twi - light hours,
3 I hear a - gain the whispered vows Of con - stan - cy and love,
4 No more! no more on Time's wild shore Shall we to - geth - er stray,

And watch - ing dream a dream of love, Of heav'n, and home, and you;
When Love's sweet chain first bound our hearts In hap - py, perfumed bowers;—
That then were breathed while gold-en stars Beamed on us from a - bove.
Thro' sum - mer bowers in twi - light hours When day has passed a - way.

But dark - er grows the night a - round, While plaintive zeph - yrs sigh,
It comes to me borne o'er the sea Of moan - ing, surf - beat years;
But dens - er grows the night a - round, More sad the night - wind sighs,
'Twas but a dream, 'tis still a dream, I gaze on heaven's deep blue;—

And mem' - ry calls up vanished scenes Of hap - py days gone by.
Its silv' - ry ca - dence thrills my heart And fills mine eyes with tears.
As vis - ions of once hap - py days Fade out be - fore my eyes.
A lone - ly wand' - rer far a - way From home, and heav'n, and you.

THOSE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

N. P. EMMA PITT.

f

1 What a glo - rious burst of rap-ture! Peals from out those Christmas Bells—
2 While those hap - py chimes are peal - ing, In their joy tri - umph-ant now,
3 How I love to hear the ring - ing Of those joy-ful, mer - ry bells;
4 Ev' - ry voice come join the cho - rus, Peal it forth from sea to sky,

How it fills the world with tri - umph! Mighty theme their mu-sic tells.
See on high the hosts are kneel - ing, As they crown Im - manuel's brow.
Raise on high your hap - py voi - ces, Sweet the song their mu-sic tells.
Blend with an - gels now in an - them, Glo - ry be to God on high.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

Oh, the mer - ry, mer - ry peal - ing, Of those joy-ous Christmas Bells,

rit.

To the world what sweet re-veal -ing, Grand the theme their mu-sic tells.

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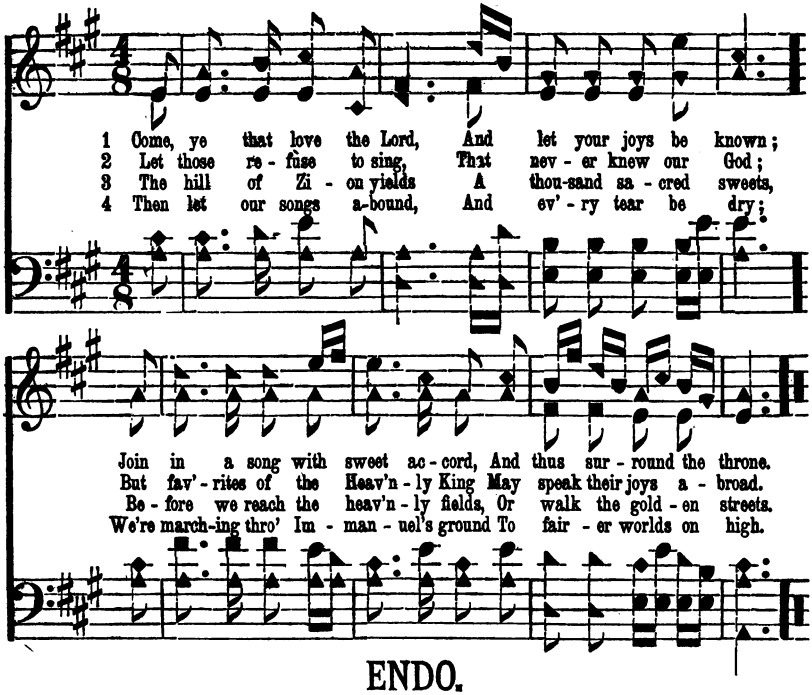
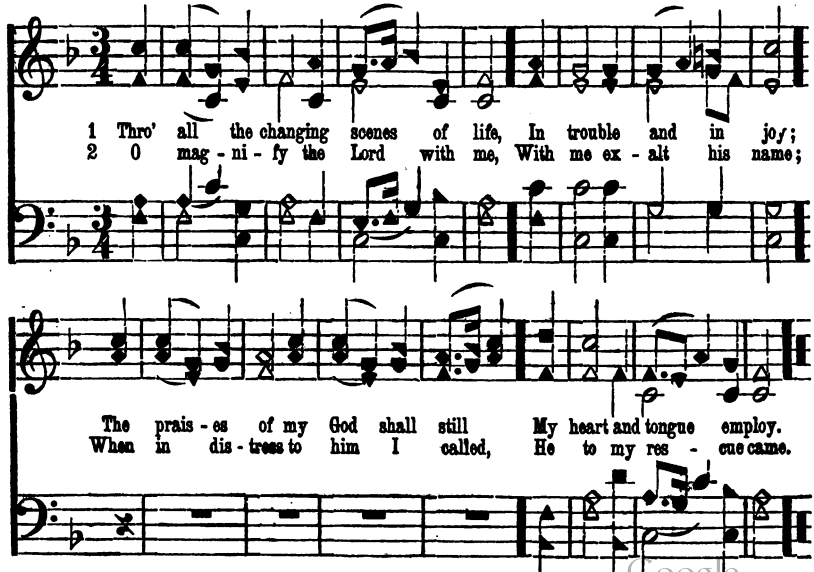
COME, YE THAT LOVE THE LORD.

Music arranged from HAYDN'S "Creation," by CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



ENDO.



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IN THE HARBOR.

W. B. B. WM. B. BLAKE.

1 Sail - ing in - to port at last, Life's rough voy - age now is done;
2 Land of God, thy pas - tures fair Greet the sail - or's long - ing eyes;
3 Home at last, how sweet the thought! Wea - ry souls are hush'd to rest;

All the rocks and tem-pests past, To His king - dom we have come.
And thy fount - ains scent the air, And thy mu - sic nev - er dies.
All the storms of life for - got In the har - bor of the blest.

REFRAIN.

Drop the an - chor! furl the col - ors! Zi - on's ship by tempests driv-en,

Finds a peaceful, sun - lit har-bor In the beau-ti - ful port of heav - en.

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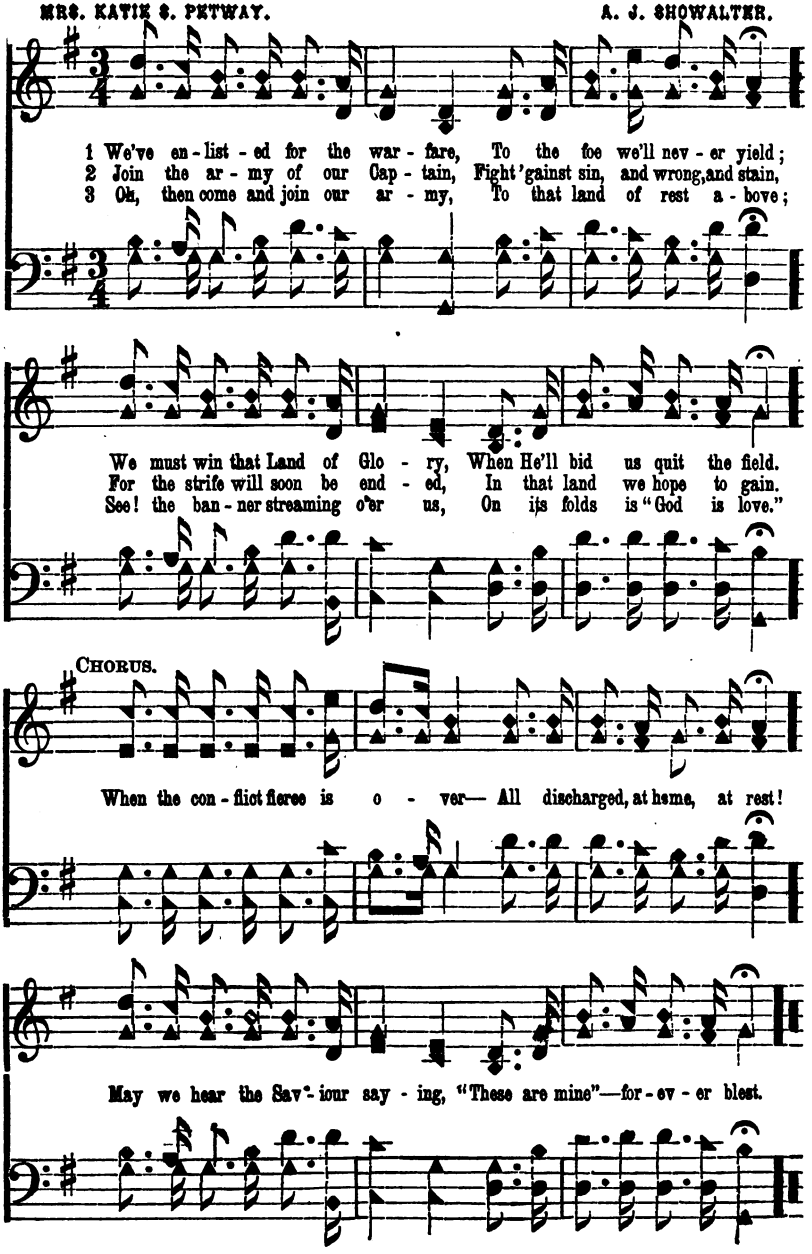
ARMY OF THE LORD.

MRS. KATIE S. PETWAY. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

THOMAS MOORE. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1 Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er you lan - guish,
2 Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing,
3 Go, ask the in - fi - del, what boon he brings us,

Come, at God's mer - cy - seat fer - vent - ly kneel;
Hope, when all oth - ers die, fade - less and pure,
What charm for ach - ing hearts he can re - veal,

Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish,—
Here speaks the com - fort - er, in God's name say - ing,—
Sweet as that prom - ise bright, that fair Hope sings us,—

Earth has no sor - row that Heav - en can - not heal.
"Earth has no sor - row that Heav - en can - not cure."
"Earth has no sor - row that Heav - en can - not heal."

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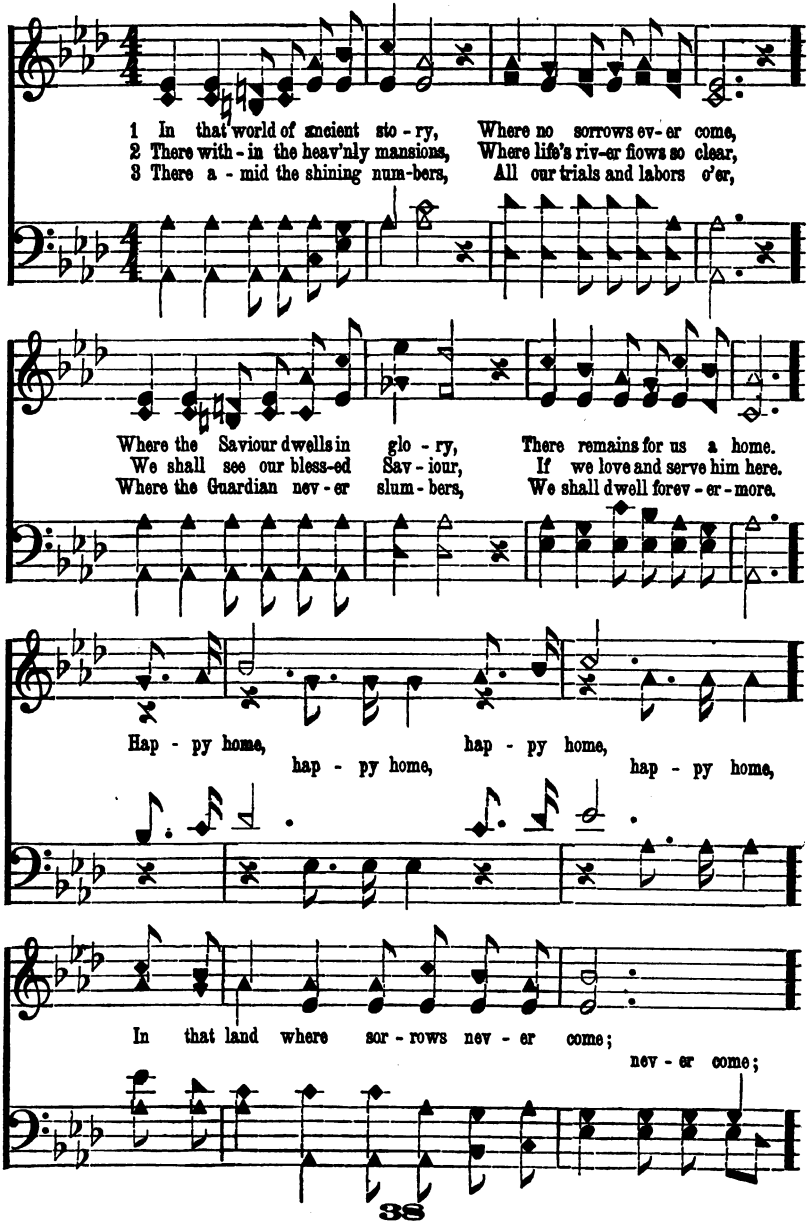
HAPPY HOME.

MISS H. M. BOLMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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HAPPY HOME. CONCLUDED.

We shall dwell in bliss and glo - ry,
We shall dwell in bliss and glo - ry in that home,

In that home, ... hap - py home.
In that home, hap - py home, hap - py home.

VALERIA. C. M.

C. J. MILLER.

1 My God, my Fa - ther, bliss - ful name! Oh, may I call thee mine;
2 What - e'er thy sa - cred will or - dains, O give me strength to bear!

May I with sweet as - sur - ance claim, A por-tion so di - vine.
And let me know my Fa - ther reigns, And trust his ten - der care.

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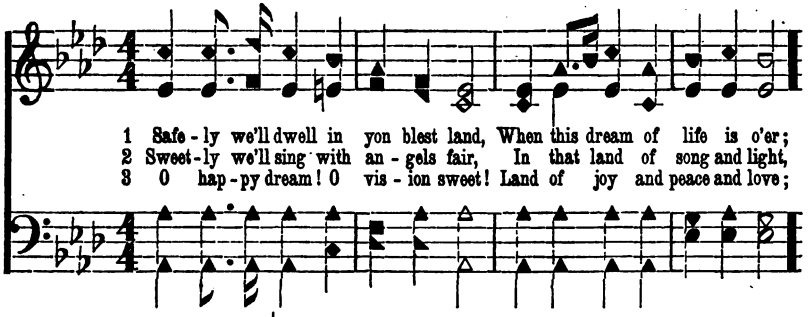
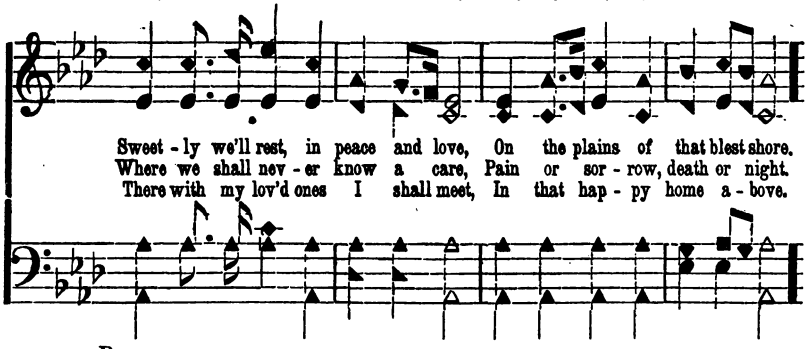
SWEETLY WE'LL SING.

KNID. LA REVVEIK. H. R. HOLSINGER.

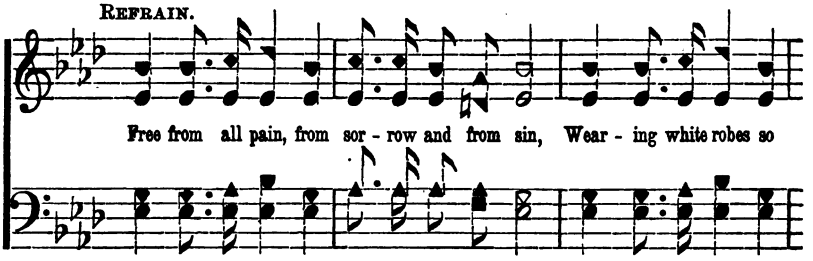


1 Safe - ly we'll dwell in yon blest land, When this dream of life is o'er;
2 Sweet - ly we'll sing with an - gels fair, In that land of song and light,
3 O hap - py dream! O vis - ion sweet! Land of joy and peace and love;

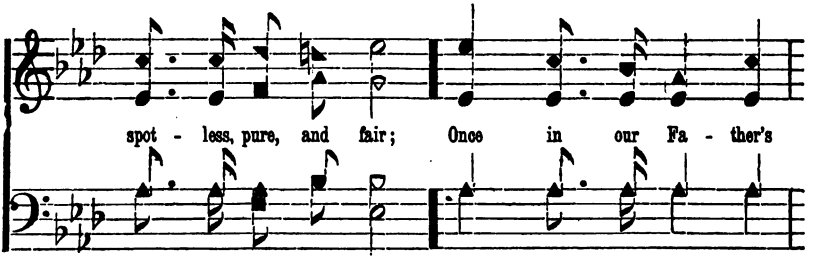


Sweet - ly we'll rest, in peace and love, On the plains of that blest shore.
Where we shall nev - er know a care, Pain or sor - row, death or night.
There with my lov'd ones I shall meet, In that hap - py home a - bove.

REFRAIN.



Free from all pain, from sor - row and from sin, Wear - ing white robes so



spot - less, pure, and fair; Once in our Fa - ther's

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SWEETLY WE'LL SING. CONCLUDED.

man-sions full of joy, His glo-rious like-ness we shall ev-er wear.

HEAR MY CRY.

W. S. M. WALTER S. MARTIN.

1 Dear Fa-ther in heaven! Send from on high;
2 Dear Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Pass me not by;
3 Blest Spir-it of mer-cy, Will thou draw nigh?

My rich-est bless-ing— Hear my cry,
Save in thy mer-cy— Hear my cry,
Lead me to glo-ry— Hear my cry,

Hear my cry, Hear my cry....
Hear my cry, Hear my cry....
Hear my cry, Hear my cry....

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SHALL WE MEET THEE.

WM. B. B. May be sung at the funeral of a scholar. WM. B. BLAKE.

Tenderly.

1 Fold - ed hands in qui - et rest - ing; Blos-soms on the si - lent breast;
2 Shel-ter'd now from life's temp - ta - tions, From its cares and dread a - larms;
3 One by one they leave us wait - ing, Pass - ing thro' the val - ley dim;

In the gen - tle Sav-iour's keep - ing Doth the wea - ry spir - it rest.
Naught can reach the soul re - clin - ing In the lov - ing Sav-iour's arms.
One by one—why should we mur - mur? Je - sus calls them un - to Him.

CHORUS.

Shall we meet thee, when life clos - es, In the bow'rs of E - den fair? . . . . . fair, we'll meet thee fair, we'll meet thee

In that gold - en morn of glad - ness, Where the hap - py an - gels are.

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GATES OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1 Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, gold - en and bright, Guard-ing that cit - y of splen - dor and light! Oft I be - hold thee, in dis - tance and dream,
2 Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, loft - y and grand, Swung by the touch of some an - gel - ic hand! Down from thy por - tals there floats a sweet song,
3 Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, gates of pure gold, How can I pic - ture thy glo - ries un - told! Ea - ger - ly yearn - ing my spir - it doth wait,

CHORUS.

Flash in the sun-light of heav - en - ly gleam.
Waked by the lips of the pu - ri - fied throng.
Till I shall come to the Beau - ti - ful gate.
} Gates of the Beau - ti - ful,

Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, O - pen to me!

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I AM WAITING FOR A MESSAGE.

LEANDER WICK. J. B. FERGUSON. by per.

DUET.

1 I am wait-ing for a mes-sage from the land of the real;
2 Sad and lone-ly I have wan-dered thro' this dark vale of tears,
3 Oh, I have the bless'd as-sur-ance from the great King of kings,
4 Lo! the light is grow-ing bright-er, and the mists clear a-way,

I am wait-ing as the time draw-eth nigh; . . I am
On my jour-ney to the sweet land of rest; . . Still I'm
That the treas-ure I have gar-nered a-bove, . . Gives me
As the dawn-ing of the day draw-eth nigh, . . That shall

wait-ing, and I'm long-ing To re-ceive the prom-ised bless-ing
wait-ing, and I'm long-ing To re-ceive the prom-ised bless-ing
ci-tle to the bless-ing For the which I've long been wait-ing
ush-er in the morn-ing That will bring the prom-ised bless-ing

That a-waits me in the sweet by and by.
That a-waits me in the land of the blest.
That a-waits me in the E den of love.
That a-waits me in the sweet by and by.

CHORUS.

I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing as the
I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing,

time draw-eth nigh, To re-ceive the prom-ised bless-ing in the

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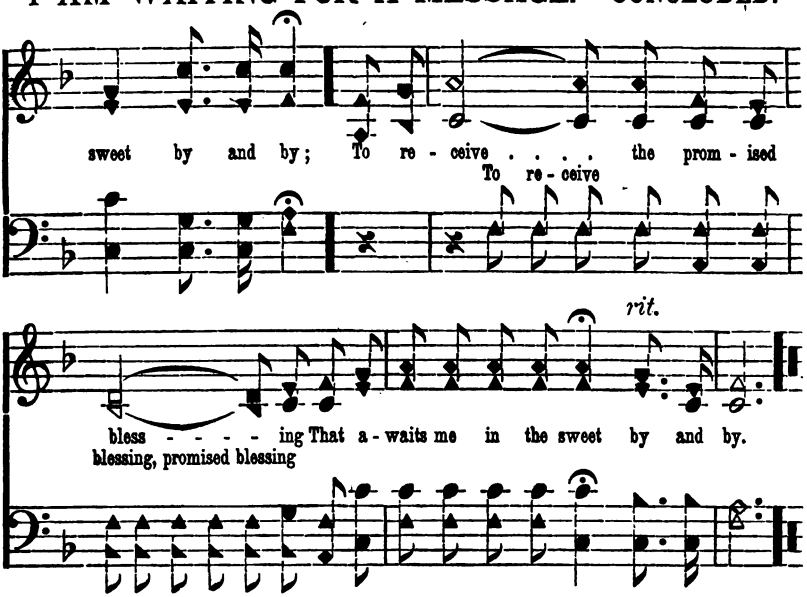
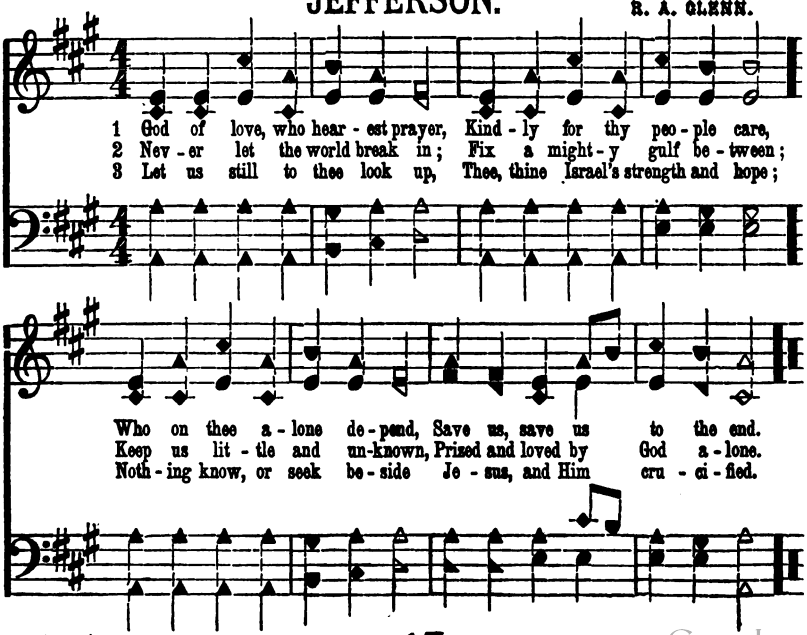
I AM WAITING FOR A MESSAGE. CONCLUDED.



JEFFERSON.

R. A. GLENN.



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BRING THE CHILDREN TO THE SAVIOUR.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1 Bring the chil - dren to the Sav - iour, As they
2 Bring - the chil - dren to the Sav - iour! Do not
3 Bring the chil - dren to the Sav - iour, From the

brought them long a - go, When He took them up and blessed them, All be -
let them go a - stray! Let their lit - tle feet be guid - ed Safe - ly
high-ways, far and near! Bring them on the Ho - ly Sab - bath, To the

cause He loved them so! Still His heart is just as ten - der As when
in the nar - row way! Oh, how ma - ny, ma - ny chil-dren Turn to
Sab- bath school so dear! Tell them of the blest Re - deem - er, Of His

He on earth did dwell! Still His bid- ding is to bring them, And He
e - vil ev' - ry - where, For the want of chris - tian train - ing—For the
sor - row and his pain! How, to res - cue man from ru - in, He up -

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BRING THE CHILDREN, ETC. CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

loves them just as well!
want of love and care!
on the cross was slain.
Bring the chil-dren to the Sav-iour! He His

love for them will show! Bring the chil-dren to the Sav-iour, As they

REFRAIN.

brought them long a-go! Long a-go, long a-

Long a-go,

go, As they brought them long a-go.

Long a-go,

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THE NEARER I KEEP TO JESUS.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1 The near-er I keep to Je-sus, The dear-er He is to me,—
2 The strong-er my faith in Je-sus, The light-er all bur-dens seem,—
3 The high-er I climb hill Zi-on, The far-ther I get from sin,

The ten-der-er is His mer-cy,—The clear-er the way I see,
More eas-y the yoke of ser-vice, And sweet-er each glad day-dream,
The near-er my home in glo-ry, Where I shall with Je-sus reign,

The soon-er my pray'rs are answered, The rich-er His bless-ings seem,
The peace which he gives is deep-er, The sight of my soul less dim,
The broad-er is Faith's dear vis-ion, The near-er the end of Time,

And bright-er and more a-bun-dant, The near-er I keep to Him.
And oft-en-er do I tri-umph, The strong-er my faith in Him.
More pleas-ant the Christian's path-way, The high-er the Hill I climb.

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REST IN ME.

W. S. MARTIN. J. H. TENNEY.

1 Sweet the promise of the Fa - ther To the soul by sin op - prest;
2 Does the way seem rough and dreary? Is there fear with - in thy breast?
3 Trust this love, this tender mer - cy, Come, and lean up - on His breast,
4 Soon these tri-als will be o - ver,—Soon these fightings all shall cease,—

Come to me, thou wea-ry pil -grim, Come, and I will give you rest.
Still the prom-ise of the Fa -ther, Come, and I will give you rest.
Come, thou wea-ry, sin-stained pilgrim, Come, and find in Him sweet rest.
Soon we'll join that hap-py cho - rus, In that land of per - fect peace.

REFRAIN.

Rest in . . . me, Rest in . . me,
Rest in me, Rest in me,

rit. *pp*

Wea - ry pil - grim, rest in me, Rest in me.

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WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE.*

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 At the sound-ing of the trum-pet, when the saints are gath-ered home,
2 When the an-gel of the Lord pro-claims that time shall be no more,
3 At the great and fi-nal judg-ment, when the hid-den comes to light,
4 When the gold-en harps are sound-ing and the an-gel bands pro-claim,

We will greet each oth-er by the crys-tal sea,
We shall gath-er and the saved and ran-somed see, crys-tal sea,
When the Lord in all his glo-ry we shall see, glad-ly see,
In tri-umph-ant strains the glo-rious ju-bi-lee, we shall see,
ju-bi-lee,

With the friends and all the loved ones, there a-wait-ing us to come,
Then to meet a-gain to-geth-er, on the bright ce-les-tial shore,
At the bid-ding of our Sav-iour, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right,"
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb.

What a gath'-ring of the faith-ful that will be!
What a gath'-ring of the faith-ful that will be!
What a gath'-ring of the faith-ful that will be!
What a gath'-ring of the faith-ful that will be!

* By permission, from "SONG TREASURY."

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WHAT A GATH'RING, ETC. CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

What a gath' - - - - ring, gath' - - - - ring,

What a gath'-ring of the loved ones, when we'll meet with one an-oth-er,

At the sound-ing of the glo-rious ju-bi-lee, ju-bi-lee!

What a gath' - - - - ring, gath' - - - - ring,

What a gath'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet each oth-er,

What a gath'-ring of the faith-ful that will be!

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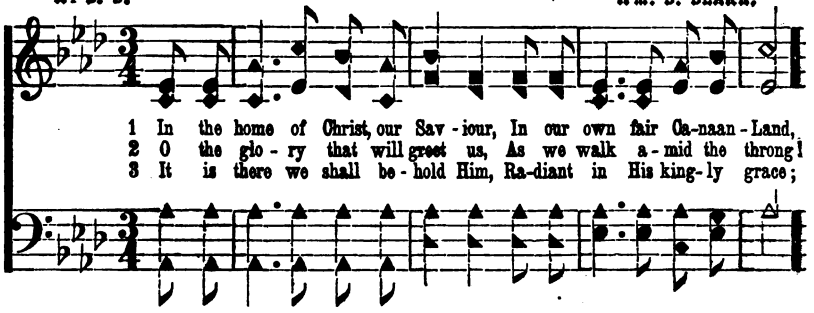
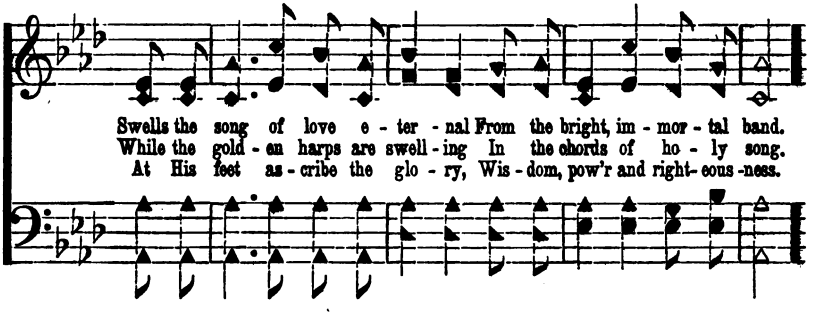
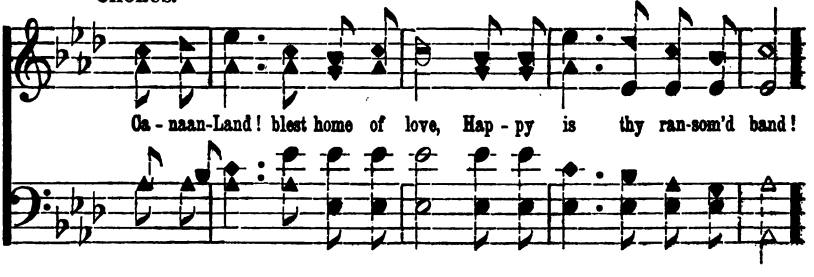
CANAAN-LAND.

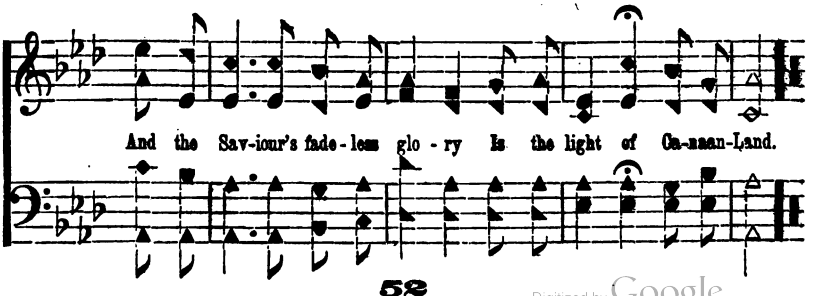
W. B. B. WM. B. BLAKE.





CHORUS.





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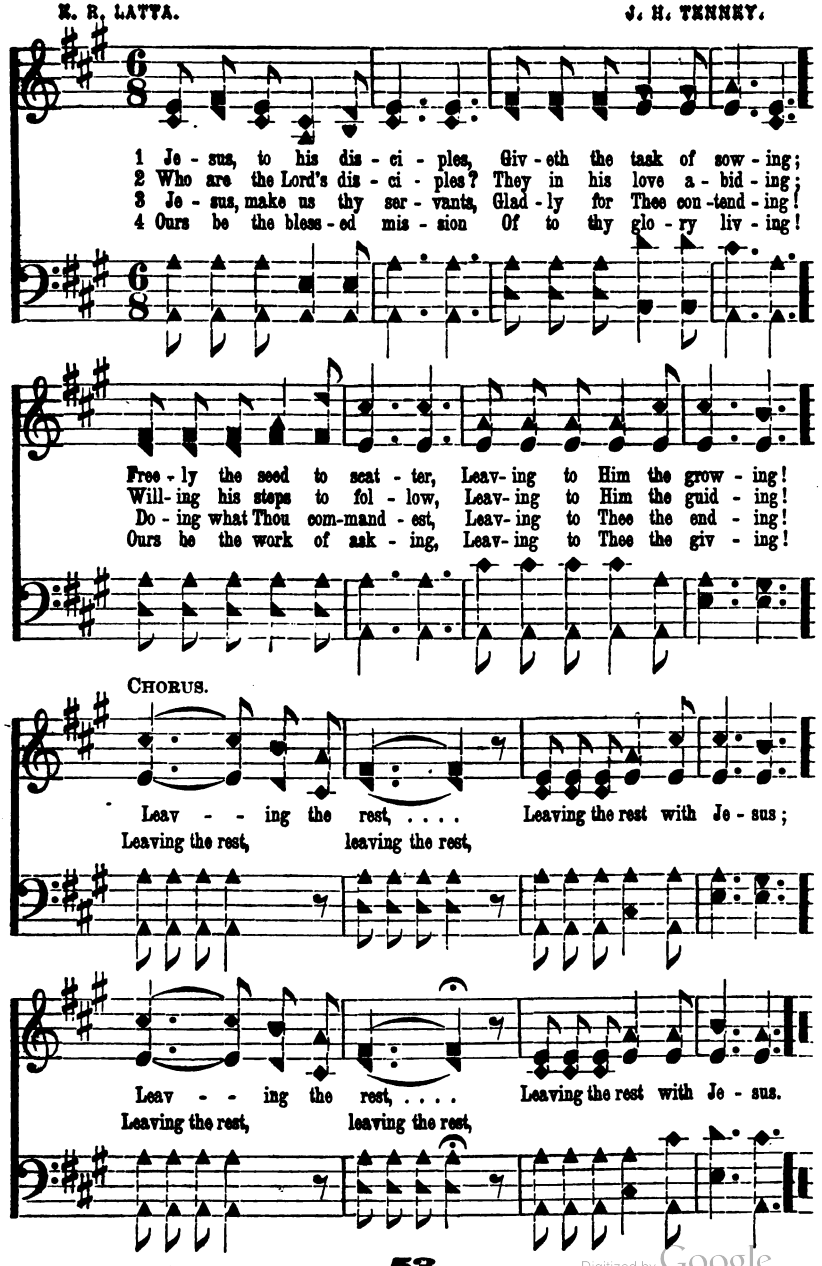
LEAVING THE REST WITH JESUS.



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THE HALF HAS NOT BEEN TOLD.

ELIZA SHERMAN. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1 Oh! there's a land of beau - ty, With streets of shin - ing gold,
2 But of this love of Je - sus, The Shep-herd of the fold,
3 But some - time with the an - gels, When Je - sus' arms en - fold,

But of that won - drous cit - y The half has not been told.
Though here we sing it ev - er, The half has not been told.
We'll know the love so pre - cious That can - not here be told.

REFRAIN.

p

Oh, the half has not been told, . . Sweet - ly chant the soft, low strain;

f *p*

An - gels with their harps of gold, Sweet - ly sing the soft re - frain.

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IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

KNID WILLIAMS. WM. B. BLAKE.

1 { Is my name on the page of the Lamb's book of
'Tis the strong - est and deep - est de - sire of my
2 { Is the date of my birth on its mys - ti - cal
Is my cleans - ing from sin put in let - ters of

life, In the cit - y of God o - ver there?
heart! I would know: is my name (Omit . . . .) writ - ten there?
page, In the hand of the Lord, strong and fair?
light? O my Lord! is my name (Omit . . . .) writ - ten there?

REFRAIN.

Is my name writ - ten there? Is my name writ - ten

there? In the Lamb's book of life, Is my name writ - ten there?

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I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Arr. from BONAR. WM. B. BLAKE.

1 When I awake in that sweet morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawning
2 When I shall meet with those I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
3 When I shall gaze on the dear face of Him Who for me died, with

night ne'er re - turns, And with whose glo - ry day ev - er burns,
long, long re- moved, And find how faith - ful thou then hast prov'd,
eye no more dim, And praise Him with Heav'n's deep-swell-ing hymn,

REFRAIN.

I shall be sat - is - fied.
I shall be sat - is - fied.
I shall be sat - is - fied.
I shall be sat - is - fied,

I shall then be sat - is - fied,

I shall be sat - is - fied, When I a - wake in thy

I shall then be sat - is - fied.

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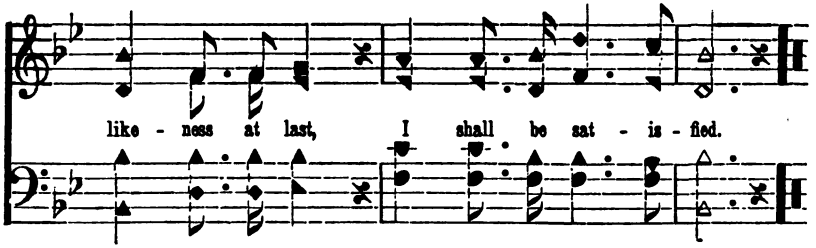
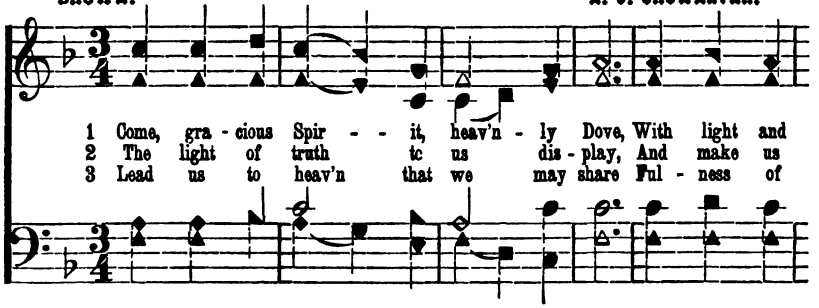
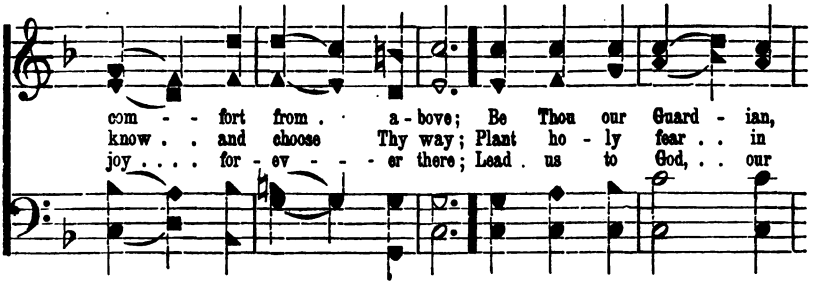
I SHALL BE SATISFIED. CONCLUDED.

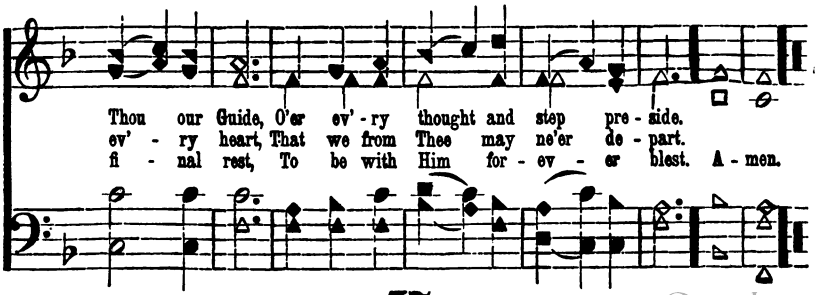


COME, GRACIOUS SPIRIT.

BROWN. A. J. SHOWALTER.







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HIS KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1 Oh, how sweet the words of Je - sus, From His lov - ing heart they flow;
2 In our weak-ness, pain and sor - row, Je - sus' words a heal - ing prove,
3 Oh, with - out His words so ten - der, Dark in - deed our way would be;

Can we find on earth a treas - ure Such true com - fort can be-stow?
And in life's most storm - y con - flict, Breathe a - round the air of love.
Dear - er than an an - gel's whis - per Are His words of love to me.

CHORUS.

Praise Him for His words of kind - ness, Yes, we'll chant His praise on high,

This shall be our song for - ev - er, His kind words can nev - er die.

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SONG OF PRAISE.

ELIZA H. MORTON. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 While our youth-ful days are pass - ing We will glad - ly sing
2 Come and sing of Christ, your Sav - iour, Come and prove His love;
3 Catch the strain, ye list'-ning na - tions, Ju - bi - lee of song!

Songs of praise to Prince Im - man - uel, An-thems to our King.
Shout a - loud with joy - ful voic - es, Praise the God a - bove.
Truth and jus - tice mixed with mer - cy, Strive a - gainst the wrong.

CHORUS.

Sing, O sing, yes, join the cho - rus, Waft the notes a - far;

Ech - o sounds like ma - ny voic - es From the gates a - jar.

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AUTUMN LEAVES.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. "We all do fade as a leaf." J. H. TENNEY.

1 A - round us fall the au - tumn leaves, In showers of red and gold,
2 Yes, soon we'll hear the Mas- ter's call, Oh, come, my child, a - way,
3 But in the res - ur - rec - tion morn, New life and beau - ty, too,

While each a si - lent warn- ing gives, We too are grow - ing old.
And to the earth we too must fall, To rise an - oth - er day.
Our ran - som'd spir - its will a - dorn, As Christ and heaven we view.

CHORUS.

Bright, beau - ti - ful leaves of crim - son and gold, Like

rit. . . . . . *a tempo.*

you we must per - ish and die, But oh, we shall shine with

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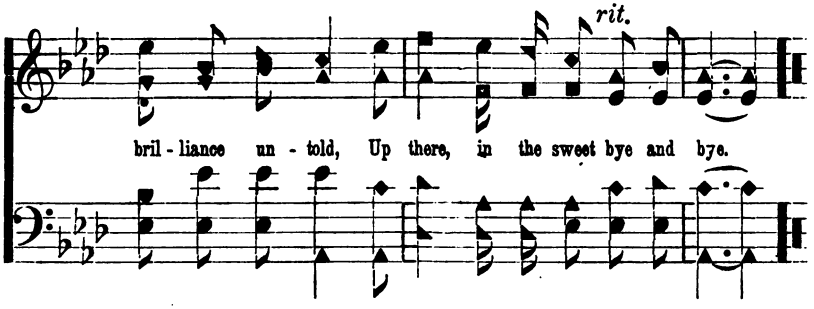
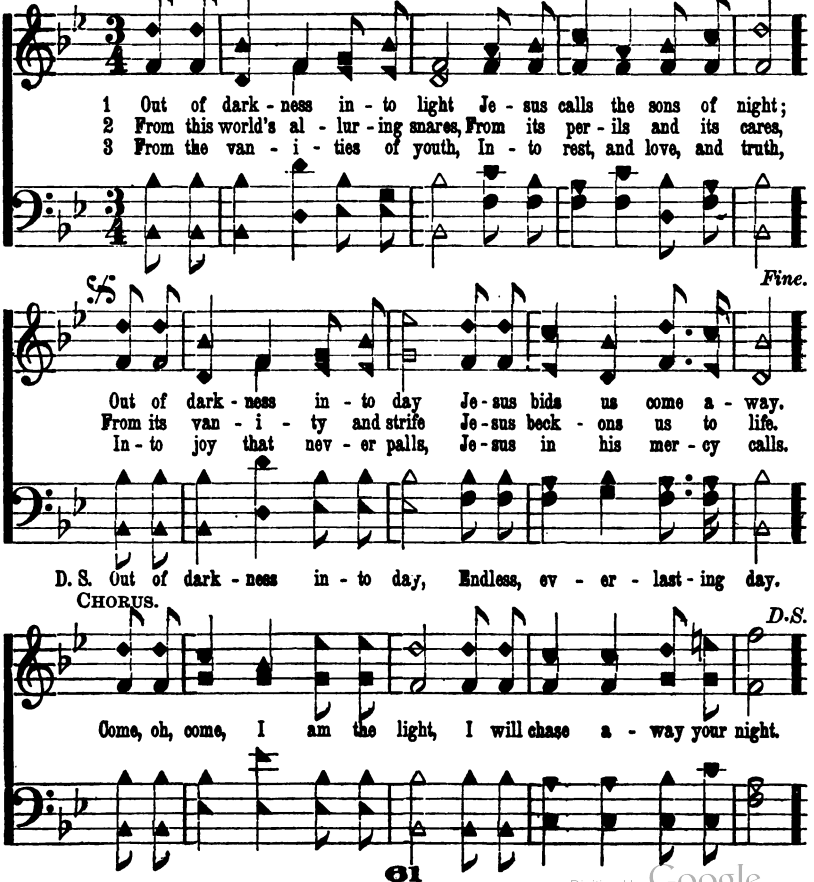
AUTUMN LEAVES. CONCLUDED.



OUT OF DARKNESS INTO DAY.

DR. BONAR. WM. B. BLAKE.



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LORD, TAKE MY HAND.

M. A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 I look in vain for light, There reach - es me no ray, The
2 All hu - man girds are vain If Thou with - hold Thy grace, I
3 That I may ev - er know The false light from the true, That

clouds are deep and dark, I fear to miss the way; I
fain would feel Thee nigh, I fain would see Thy face; Oft
I may ev - er find For Thee some work to do, That

would not lose the path That leads to Canaan's land For all that earth can
time my way - ward feet Slip on the shift - ing sand, Oft time a - far I
I may for Thy cause A faith - ful wit - ness stand, Lord, hear my hum - ble

give, Lord, take my hand.
stray, Lord, take my hand.
prayer, Lord, take my hand.

4

Into green pastures fair,
I fain this day would go,
Beside the living stream
Where healing waters flow
Thus till I reach the gate,
And join the heavenly band,
Thus till my soul is saved
Lord, take my hand.

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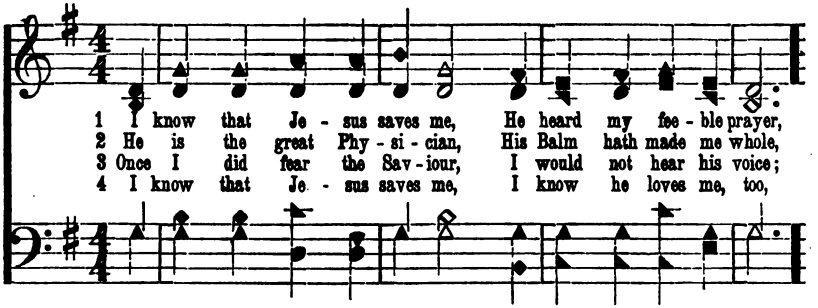
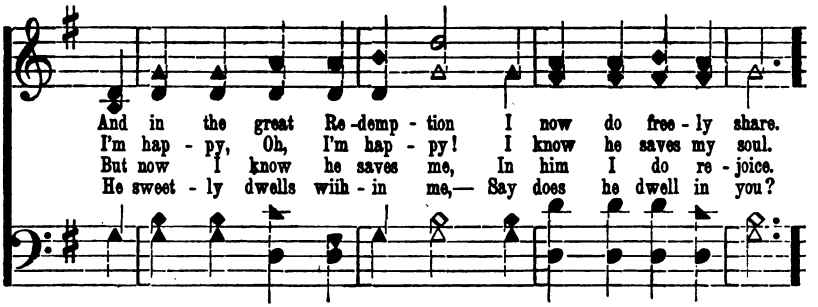
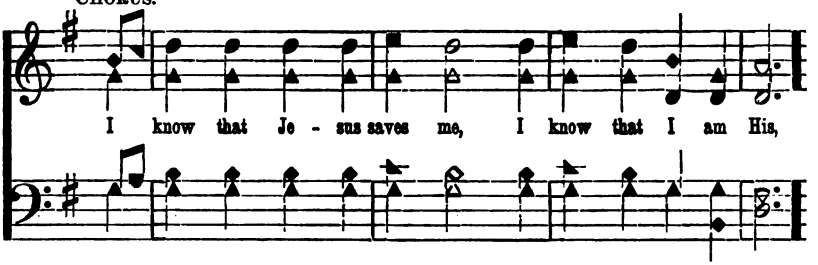
I KNOW THAT JESUS SAVES ME.

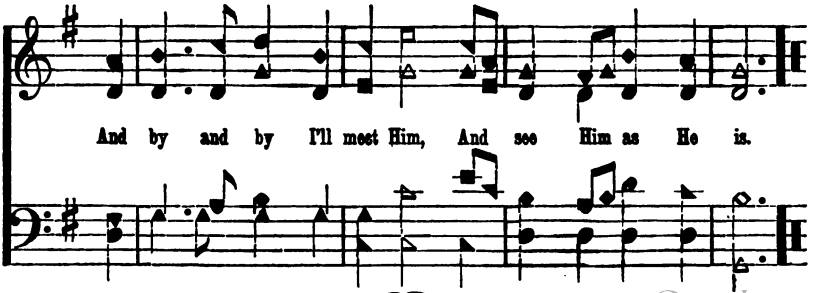
REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.





CHORUS.





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IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

MRS. H. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1 Pil - grim, on thy jour - ney bound, Track - less des - ert all a - round,
2 Cool the wa - ters gush - ing here, And the Fount is full and clear,
3 An - gel eyes their vig - ils keep O - ver all who here may sleep;

Night will soon be here, Christ the Rock is near: When the sun is gone,
Of it now par - take, And thy thirst a - slake; Here beneath the shade,
Pilgrims rest - ing here Wake with glo - ry near: 'Tis a beauteous shade,

And the day is done, Rest in the shad - ow of the Rock.
For the wea - ry made, Rest in the shad - ow of the Rock.
With true love in - laid:— Rest in the shad - ow of the Rock.

CHORUS.

The shad - ow of the Rock, The shad - ow of the Rock;

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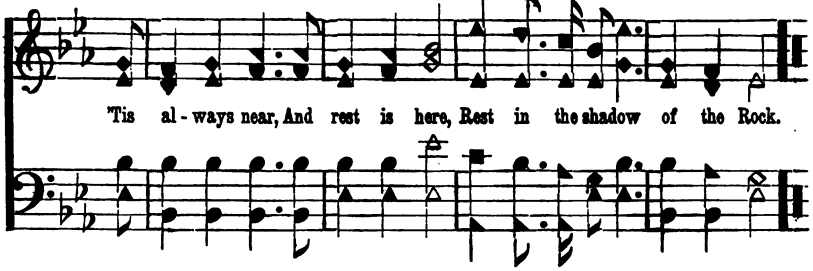
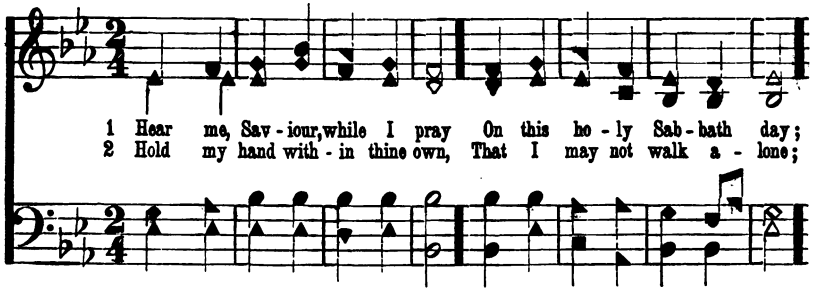
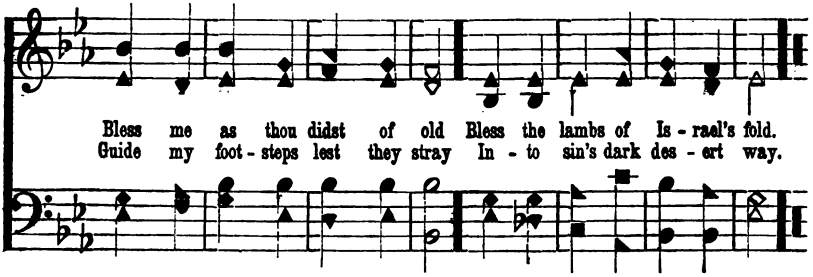
IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK. CONCLUDED.



HEAR ME, SAVIOUR.

A. S. K. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.





3

Bless mine eyes that they may see
Light and life alone in thee;
Bless my heart that it may find
Joys of an immortal kind.

4

Bless my soul with Faith and Love,
Leading to thy courts above,—
There to praise thy name on high,
While eternal years go by.

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EVENING BELLS.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Eve-ning bells are chant-ing, O'er the dy-ing day, And their chiming
2 Eve-ning bells, we love thee, Tho' thou nev-er fail Ring-ing some sad
3 Eve-ning bells are chant-ing, O'er the dy-ing day, And their chiming

calls us From our work a-way; Bids us seek our fire-side,
sto-ry That our hearts be-wail. Yet we will not chide thee,
calls us From our work a-way. Now we seek our fire-side,

With our lov'd ones dear, While the bells of eve-ning
As we on-ward roam, For thou ev-er call-est—
All we love are here, While the bells of eve-ning

Chant their re-quiem clear, Chant their re-quiem clear.
Bid-ding us come home, Bid-ding us come home.
Chant their re-quiem clear, Chant their re-quiem clear.

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BLESSED JUBILEE.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1 O'er the gloom-y hills of dark-ness, Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in dark-ness, Grant them, Lord, the glo-rious light;
3 Fly a-broad, thou mighty gos-pel; Win and con-quer, nev-er cease;

All the prom-is-es are thrill-ing With a glo-rious day of grace.
And from east-ern coast to west-ern May the morn-ing chase the night.
May thy last-ing, wide do-min-ions Mul-ti-ply, and nev-er cease.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Ju-bi-lee, Bless-ed Ju-bi-lee, Let thy heav'n-ly morn-ing dawn;

Bless-ed Ju-bi-lee, Blessed Ju-bi-lee, Let thy heav'n-ly morning dawn.

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LET US TELL THE SAME OLD STORY.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Do we al-ways tell the sto - ry Of the Saviour's wondrous love?
2 Tell the sto-ry to the faint - ing, As they lin-ger on the road;
3 I have oft-en heard the sto - ry, Yet, 'tis sweet-er now to me
4 Tell me, last of all, the sto - ry, When the light of life grows dim;

Do we al-ways seek his glo - ry, And his bound-less mer-cy prove!
Tell them of the bless-ed Sav - iour, How he helps to bear the load;
Than it was when first I heard it, Prom - is - ing sal - va-tion free;
Of the Sav-iour and his glo - ry, Tell me last of all of Him;

Let us kind-ly tell our neigh - bor Of the thorns that pierced his brow,
Tell them of a home e - ter - nal, Of the mansions waiting now;
When my soul is sore-ly tempt - ed, When dark shadows cloud my brow,
Would you kind-ly soothe the ach - ing Of my fevered throb-bing brow?

Of the life he came to give us, Tell them when, and where, and how.
Tell them Je - sus has pre-pared them, Tell them when, and where, and how.
Come and tell me that he suf - fered, Tell me when, and where, and how.
Tell me that he died to save me, Tell me when, and where, and how.

From "SONG TREASURY," by per.

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LET US TELL THE SAME OLD STORY. CONCL'D.

CHORUS.

Let us tell the same old sto - ry, Of sal - va - tion full and free,

Tell of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Tell of Christ on Cal - va - ry;

Some may hear it by the wayside, Bur - dened by the weight of sin,

Now while mer - cy's door is o - pen, They may all be gath - ered in.

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THE MANSIONS OF LOVE.

A. S. K. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1 There are man - sions of love, In the land far a - bove,
2 There's a fount - ain whose stream Spar - kles bright in the gleam
3 Of that fount - ain of love, In that land far a - bove,

Which the Sav - iour has gone to pre - pare;
Of a day that shall not end in night;
May we drink when life's jour - ney is o'er,

And the chil - dren who pray, As they walk thro' life's way,
And its wa - ters make glad All the wea - ry and sad,
And with an - gels of light Share the splen - dors so bright

In those man - sions shall each have a share.
Who have gone to that land of de - light.
In those man - sions of love ev - er - more.

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THE MANSIONS OF LOVE. CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

They shall dwell . . . . . for - ev - er more,

They shall dwell for - ev - er more, They shall dwell for - ev - er more,

In that land . . . . . so fair and bright;

In that land so fair and bright, In that land so fair and bright!

O - ver on . . . . . that hap - py shore, ...

O - ver on that hap - py shore, O - ver on that hap - py shore.

In the cit - y of love and de - light.

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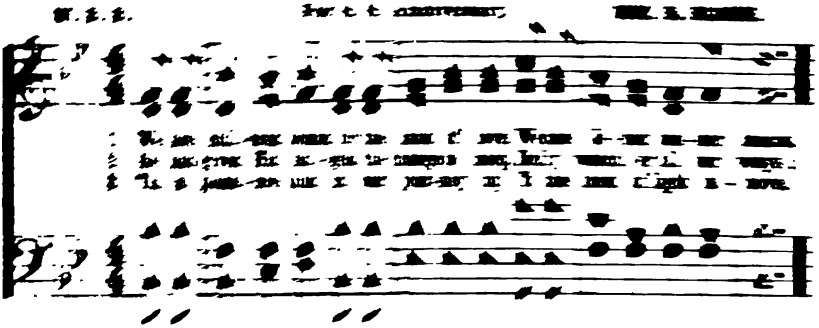
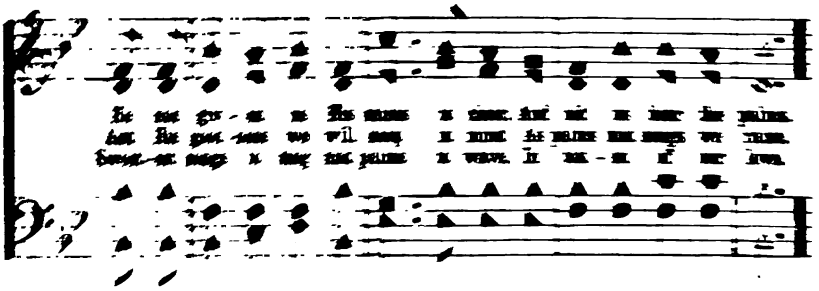
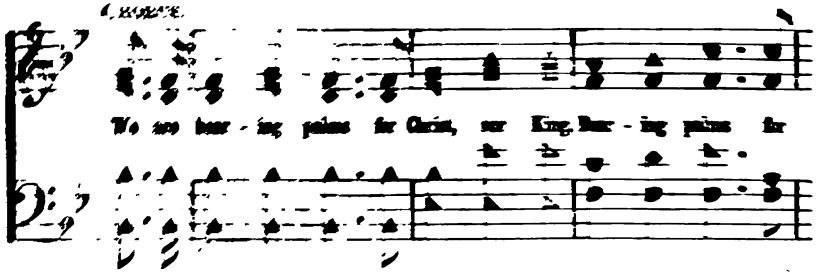
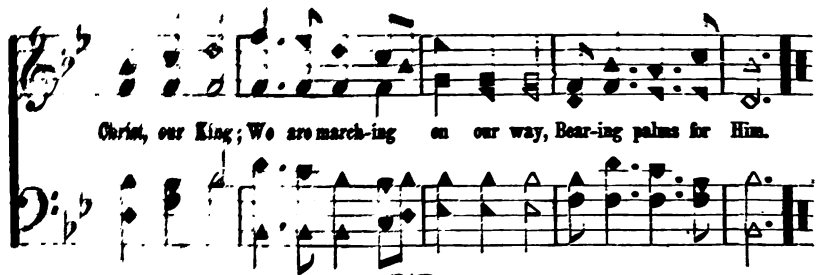
PALM-BEARERS

W. E. E. For the Anniversary. [illegible]









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PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS ABOVE.

H. F. LYTE. J. H. T.

1 Pleas - ant are thy courts a-bove, In the land of light and love;
2 Hap - py birds, that sing and fly Round thine al - tars, O Most High!
3 Hap - py souls! their prais - es flow E - ven in this vale of woe;

Pleas - ant are thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe:
Hap - pier souls, that find a rest In a heav'nly Fa - ther's breast!
Wa - ters in the des - ert rise, Man - na feeds them from the skies;

Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con-verse of thy saints,
Like the wand'ring dove, that found No re - pose on earth a - round,
On they go from strength to strength, Till they reach thy throne at length;

For the brightness of thy face, For thy full - ness, God of grace!
They can to their ark re - pair, And en - joy it ev - er there.
At thy feet a - dor - ing fall, Who hast led them safe thro' all.

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ALL IN ALL.

SILAS G. ODELL. J. H. TENNEY.

1 As E - lim's wells in des - ert land, And palms and spreading
2 His voice is like some rip-pling wave, Or ma - ny gush- ing

clus - ters stand, So stand - eth Je - sus now to me, A
streams which lave The banks of some ec - stat - ic land, Where

shel - ter and a fount - ain free; A shel - ter, for in
trees of rich - est fruit - age stand: And, oh, His arms en -

Him I dwell—He do - eth for me all things well; A fount -ain, for in
cir - cle me; His voice proclaims my soul is free; His beam -ing eyes and

From "GEMS OF GOSPEL SONG," by per.

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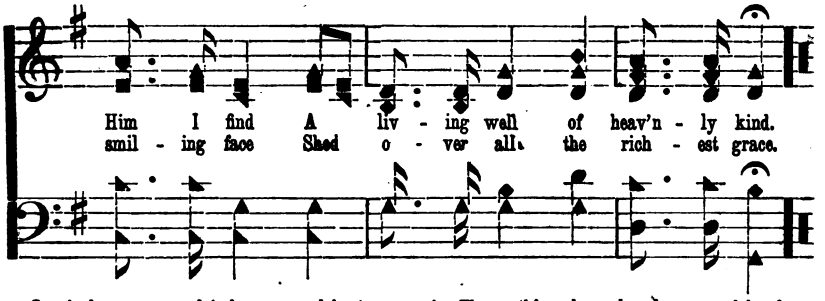
ALL IN ALL. CONCLUDED.

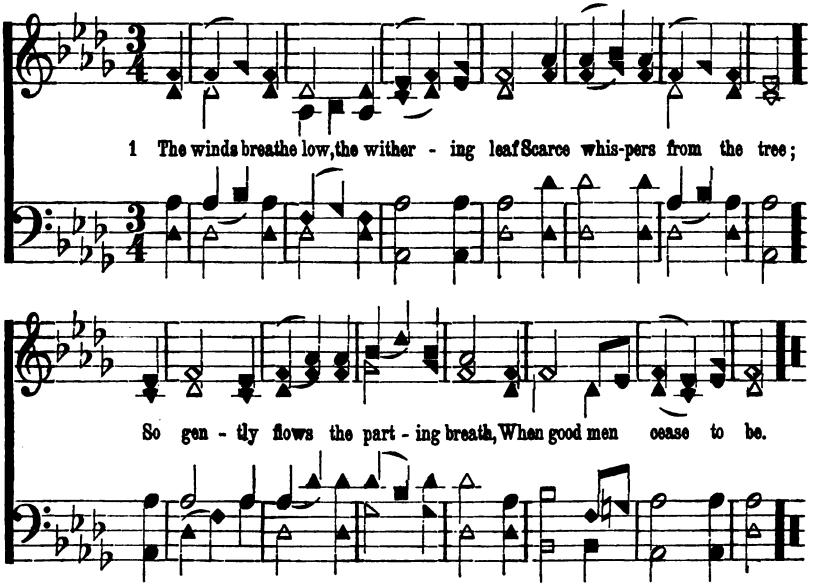


3 And now my soul is heavenward bent,
With speed of angel's wing 'tis sent;
This heaven's border-land may be,
Yet there's a fairer o'er the sea,—
A fairer, for its glorious light
Is never dimmed by cloud or night,
And all our souls, blood-washed and free,
The King in glorious beauty see.

4 The earth's redeemed and ransomed bands,
Clasp golden harps in blood-washed hands;
And from their lips, o'er valleys free,
Float strains of richest melody:
And, oh! I soon shall join that throng,
And sing with them redemption's song,
For this fair land and crown of life,
I soon shall change life's tears and strife!

THE WINDS BREATHE LOW.

J. H. T., Feb., 24, 1882.



2 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

3 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

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NEAR THY SIDE.

K. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1 While up - on our pil-grim jour-ney, Through life's wil - der-ness we stray,
2 While up - on our pil-grim jour-ney, Press - ing on from day to day,
3 While up - on our pil-grim jour-ney, Foes may fill us with dis - may!

Sav - iour, do not Thou for - sake us, But go with us all the way!
Let thy love and thy pro - tec - tion, Bless and keep us all the way!
Sav - iour, com - fort and de - fend us! Oh, go with us all the way!

As Thou didst thy an - cient peo - ple Lead to Ca - naan's land, of old,
When our spir - its thirst and hun - ger, And with sink - ing hearts we tread,
When we reach the Jor - dan riv - er, And the Heav'n - ly Ca-naan view,

So di - rect our er - ring foot - steps, Till we reach the Up-per Fold!
Lead us un - to liv - ing fount-ains, Let us be on man-na fed!
Let the wa - ters be di - vid - ed, For our feet to journey through!

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NEAR THY SIDE. CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Near thy side! near thy side! While up - on our pil - grim
Near thy side! near thy side!

jour - ney, Keep us ev - er, keep us ev - er near thy side!

STOCKER. 7s.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Gra - cious Spir - it, Love di - vine, Let thy light with - in me shine;
2 Speak thy pard' - ning grace to me; Set the bur - den'd sin - ner free;
3 Life and peace to me im - part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
4 Let me nev - er from thee stray, Keep me in the nar - row way;

All my guilt - y fears re - move; Fill me with thy Heav'n-ly love.
Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in his pre - cious blood.
Breathe thy - self in - to my breast, Earn - est of im - mor - tal rest.
Fill my soul with joy di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine.

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IN THE SWEET FIELDS OF EDEN.

W. B. B. WM. B. BLAKE.

1 Here a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Wait - ing for the Lord's command
2 Sing and shout, ye wea - ry watch - ers, Lo! the prom-ised time is near!
3 Soon will come the thrill - ing sum - mons: "Bid the ark of God move on!"

To pass thro' the swell - ing Jor - dan And pos - sess the good - ly land;
In the dawn - ing of the morn - ing Shall the Son of God ap - pear;
And we step in - to the wa - ters, And the night of death comes down;

Here the clouds of sin and sor-row Oft - en hide his lov - ing face:
On - ly here, 'midst toil and sor-row, Need the mourn - er weep and pray:
Fal - ter not, for Christ is lead-ing, He will roll the mists a - way:

In the sweet - er fields of E - den We shall rest in his em - brace.
In the sweet - er fields of E - den God shall wipe all tears a - way.
In the sweet - er fields of E - den We shall rest at break of day.

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IN THE SWEET FIELDS OF EDEN. CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

sweet fields of E - den, In the sweet fields,
In the sweet fields, Where the
sweet fields of E - den,
sweet fields of E - den,

tree of life is bloom - ing fresh and fair, In the
ev - er bloom-ing,

fount - ains of the Lord,
sweet fields, by the fount - ains Our Re -
sweet fields of E - den, fount - ains of the Lord,

deem - er will a rest pre - pare.

4

Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as ye go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through;
Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
Chorus.—In the sweet fields, etc.

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THE SHEPHERD IS CALLING.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1 Dear chil - dren the Shep - herd is call - ing to - day, Oh,
2 He knows ev' - ry sor - row and pain you may feel, He
3 Oh, give him your heart and your life and your all, No

has - ten to en - ter his fold; He'll keep you from harm and from
suf - fer'd as none ev - er knew To ran - som poor sin - ners, his
oth - er so fond - ly will keep; Oh, trust him for - e'er and you

dan - ger al - way, And give to you pleas - ures un - told.
light to re - veal, And bring his sal - va - tion to you.
nev - er shall fall, No shep - herd so lov - eth his sheep.

CHORUS.

Then come to him now for the long - er you wait The

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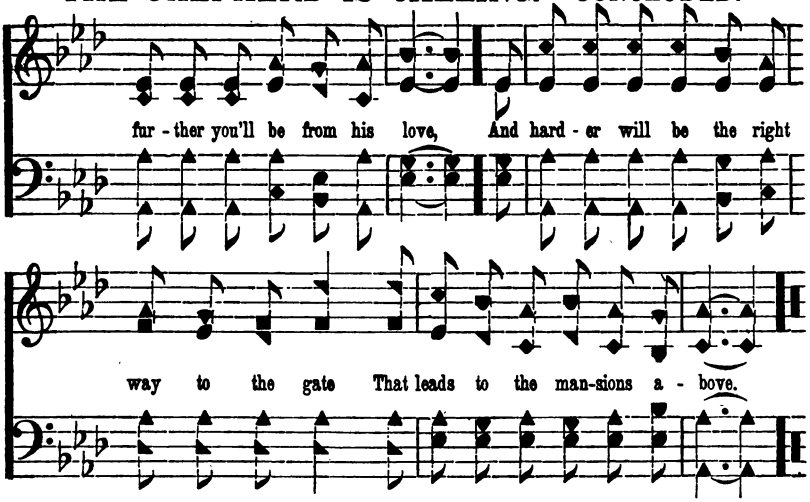
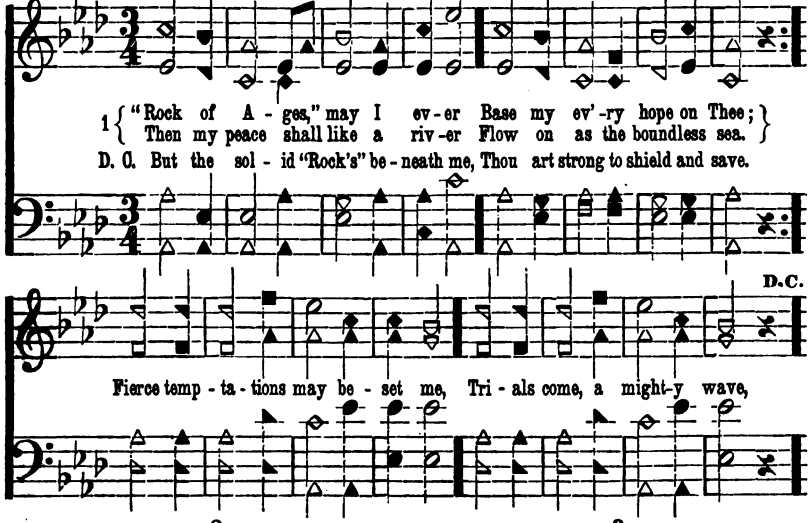
THE SHEPHERD IS CALLING. CONCLUDED.



REV. J. C. BISSELL. **ROCK OF AGES. (NEW.)** J. G. DOUTHIT.



2

Thou, O "Rock," like Zion's mountain,
A strong shelter doth afford,
And the thirsty find a fountain
Flowing from that Rock, the Lord.
Am I weary, heavy laden,
In this present weary land?
Here's the Rock whose cooling shadows
Lie across life's burning sand.

3

Thus I'm safe in danger's hour,
Ever have a refuge nigh,
Simply trusting in the power
Of the "Higher Rock" than I.
'Rock of Ages," I will ever,
Ever, ever trust in Thee,
And my peace shall as a river
Flow to all eternity.

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I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

C. M. H. REV. C. M. HOTT.

1 I am com - ing to the cross, Earth - ly gain has all been loss;
2 I am com - ing as I am Un - to Thee, oh, spot - less Lamb!
3 I am com - ing to the Blood, To the pre - cious cleans - ing flood;
4 I am com - ing, Lord, to Thee For the fi - nal vic - to - ry,

Poor and help - less here I cry, Je - sus, save me or I die.
Thou wilt now my soul re - ceive, Now my ma - ny sins for - give.
Washed there - in my soul shall live, Thou wilt life e - ter - nal give.
O - ver sin and death and hell, Till I rise with Thee to dwell.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing stained with sin, Trust - ing Thee to make me clean;

Com - ing now, oh, Lord, I know Thou wilt wash me white as snow.

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GOD'S CARE.

A. C. J. From "CHRISTIAN SECRETARY." CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1 Not a brook - let flow - eth On - ward to the sea;
2 Not a flow' - ret fad - eth; Not a star grows dim;
3 Not a tie is bro - ken; Not a hope laid low;
4 Power e - ter - nal rest - eth In his gra - cious hand;

Not a sun - beam glow - eth On its bos - om free;
Not a cloud o'er - shad - eth But 'tis marked by Him;
Not a fare - well spo - ken But our God doth know.
Love im - mor - tal hast - eth Swift at his com - mand.

Not a seed un - fold - eth To the glo - rious air;
Dream not that thy glad - ness God doth fail to see;
Ev' - ry hair is num - bered, Ev' - ry tear is weighed
Faith can firm - ly trust Him Through the dark - est hour;

But our Fa - ther hold - eth Each with - in his care.
Think not, in thy sad - ness, He for - get - teth thee.
In the change - less bal - ance Wis - est love has made.
For the key she hold - eth To that love and power.

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I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

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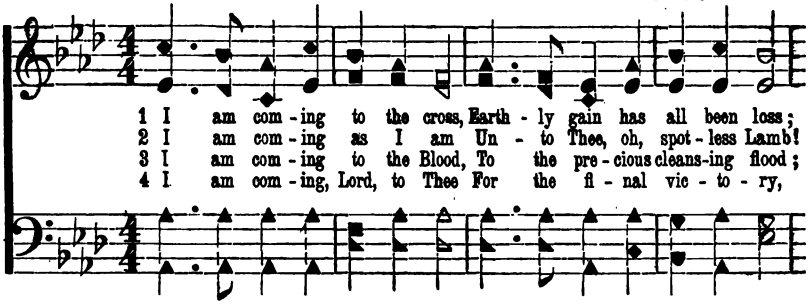
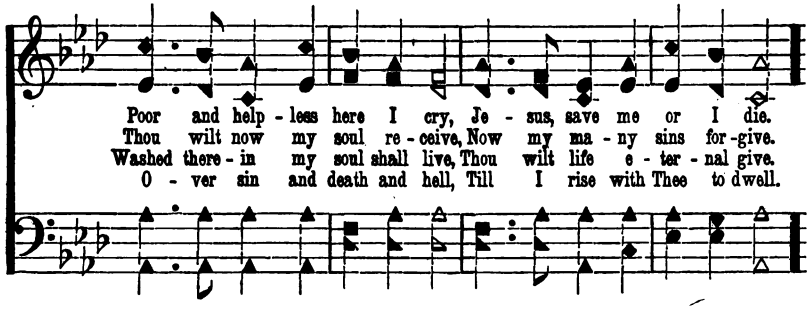
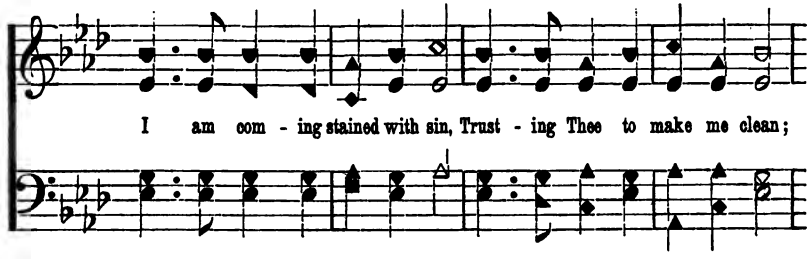
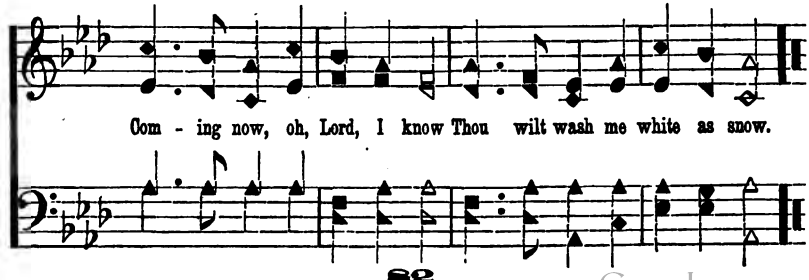




CHORUS.





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IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1 In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me,
2 With its witch - ing pleas - ures, Would this vain world charm,
3 If with sore af - flic - tion, Thou in love chas - tise,
4 When in dust and ash - es To the grave I sink,

Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from thee;
Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm,
Pour thy ben - e - dic - tion On the sac - ri - fice;
While heav'ns glo - ry flash - es O'er the shelv - ing brink,

When thou seest me wav - er, With a look re - call;
Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne,
Then up - on thine al - tar Free - ly of - fered up,
On thy truth re - ly - ing Through the mor - tal strife,

Nor for fear or fav - or Suf - fer me to fall.
Or, in dark - er sem - blance, Cross - crowned Cal - va - ry.
Though the flesh may fal - ter, Faith shall drink the cup.
Lord, re - ceive me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

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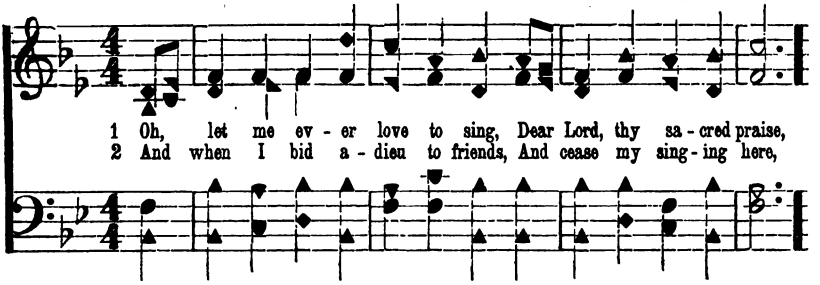
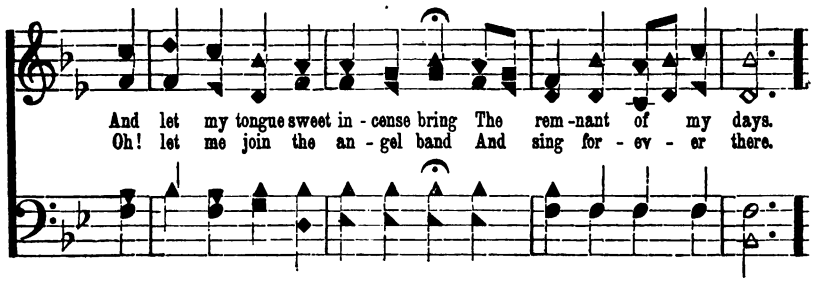
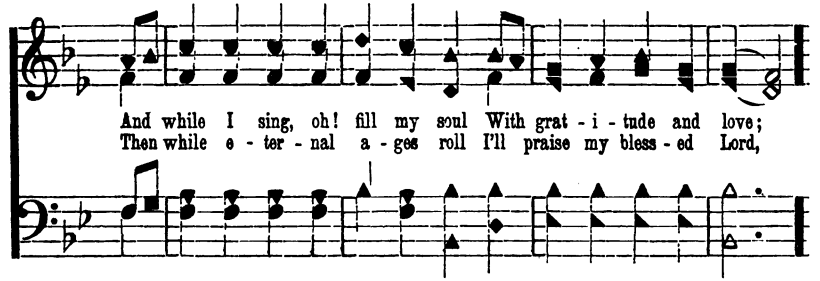
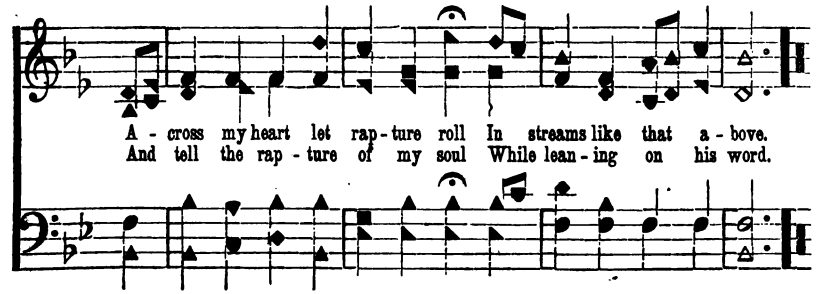
GEORGIANA.

REV. H. C. TINSLEY. MRS. CALLIE W. SHOWALTER, by per.









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SAFE AT HOME.

REV. W. F. COSNER. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Oh, this heart shall cease its long-ing, Safe at home! safe at home!
2 There I'll see no tem-pest rag-ing, Safe at home! safe at home!

Where no anx-ious cares are throng-ing, Safe at home! safe at home!
Sin no war-fare wild is wag-ing, Safe at home! safe at home!

Now a heav-y bur-den press-es, And I walk thro' thorn-y plac-es,
When shall come that bliss-ful wak-ing, Where no pain-ful head is ach-ing,

Till my wea-ry wand'ring ceas-es, Safe at home! safe at home!
Where no throb-bing heart is break-ing, Safe at home! safe at home!

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"THE HAPPY PLACE."

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for thee,
2 Thy gar - dens and thy pleas - ant greens My stud - y long have been,
3 There we shall meet and no more part, And heav'n shall ring with praise,

When will my sor - rows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?
Such spark - ling light by hu - man sight, Hath nev - er yet been seen.
While Je - sus' love in ev' - ry heart Shall tune the song free grace.

CHORUS.

Oh, the place, the hap - py place! The place where Je - sus is;

The place where christians all shall meet, In ev - er - last - ing bliss.

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OVER JORDAN.

N. M. B. EDW. M. BROWDER.

1 I am told that o - ver Jor - dan There's a land of peace and rest;
2 I am told that o - ver Jor - dan There's a fair and bliss - ful land,
3 I am told that o - ver Jor - dan Lov - ing Je - sus waits for me,

Where there is no sin nor sad - ness, Where the wea - ry shall be blest.
Where the saints shall soon be gath - ered, There to join that an - gel band.
And He's wait - ing there to wel - come All who will from sin be free.

CHORUS.

O - ver Jor - dan's storm - y foam, Lies the pil-grim's hap - py home,

O ver Jor - dan's storm - y foam, Lies the pil-grim's hap - py home.

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I'LL BE THERE.

"FREEDMAN'S SONG." Arr. by A. J. S.

1 { Je - sus my all to heav'n is gone, / He whom I fix my hopes up - on; } When the

CHORUS.

last trum - pet sounds, I'll be there. I'll be there, I'll be

I'll be there,

Repeat ff.

there! When the last trum - pet sounds, I'll be there.

I'll be there,

2 His track I see and I'll pursue,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there,
The narrow way, till Him I view,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there,
And mourned because I found it not,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

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IN CLIMES ABOVE.

NORA MOORE. WM. B. BLAKE.

DUET.

1 Shall we meet in climes a-bove, By the riv-er's gold-en strand,
2 Shall we roam to-geth-er there, By the riv-er's gold-en strand,
3 Shall we sing to-geth-er there, By the riv-er's gold-en strand,

Those we lost and those we love, In the bright and
With-out e'en a shade of care Cloud-ing o'er the
All the har-mo-nies of love Ring-ing thro' the

CHORUS.

bet-ter land?
bet-ter land?
bet-ter land?
Yes, we shall meet a-gain In a land of

cloudless day; Death can nev-er part us there; God shall wipe all

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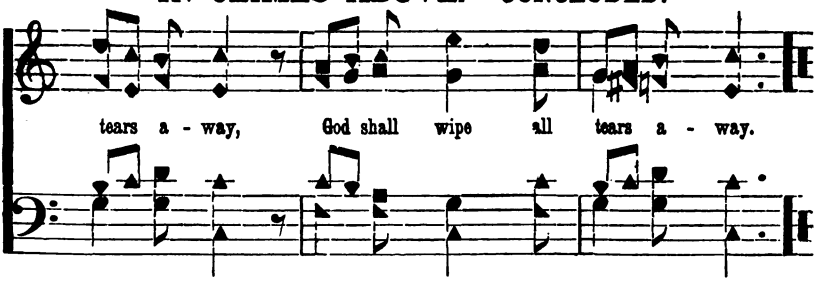
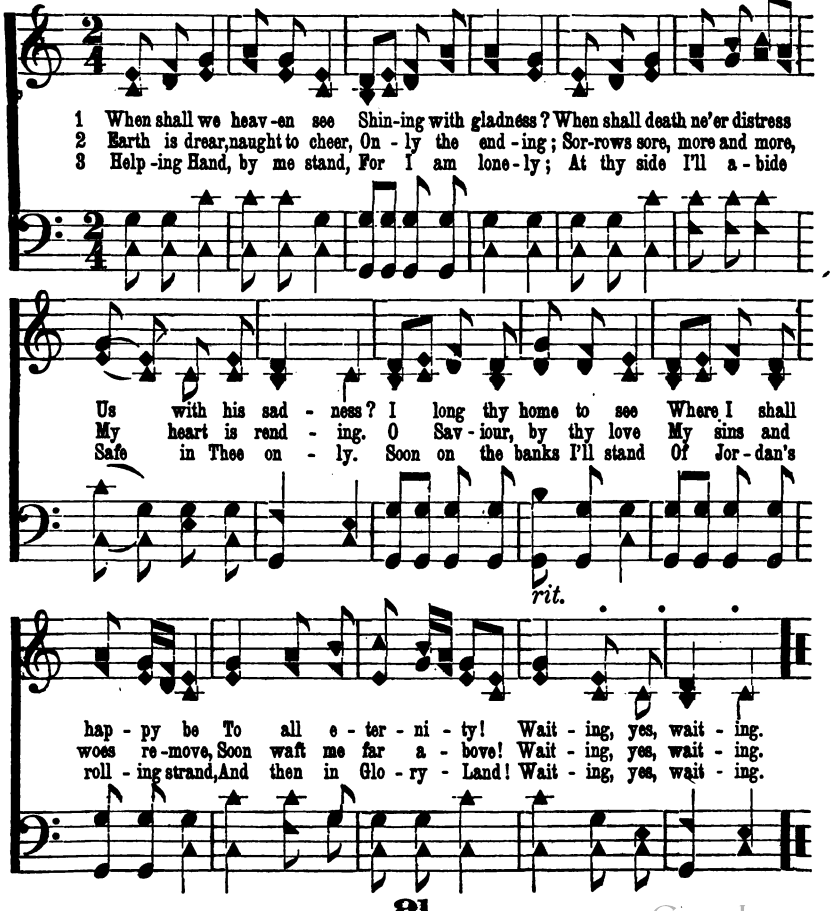
IN CLIMES ABOVE. CONCLUDED.



WAITING!

JOHN McPHERSON. ALLIE L. SMITH, Belton, Tex.



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ASK, SEEK, KNOCK.

REV. W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH.

1 Ask, for the Fa-ther is read-y to hear, Je-sus is wait-ing your
2 Seek, while his par-don may ful-ly be found, Ere the brief day of this
3 Knock, for the Sav-iour will o-pen the door, Kind-ly He's wait-ing to

prayer to re-ceive; Ask-ing in faith you have noth-ing to fear,
jour-ney is past; While his rich grac-es so ful-ly a-bound,
wel-come you in; Come ere the sea-son of grace shall be o'er,

CHORUS.

Come, and the words of His prom-ise be-lieve.
And the free of-fer of mer-cy shall last.
Ere you, re-ject-ed, shall die in your sin.
} Ask, seek,

knock! His grace is a-bun-dant and free;

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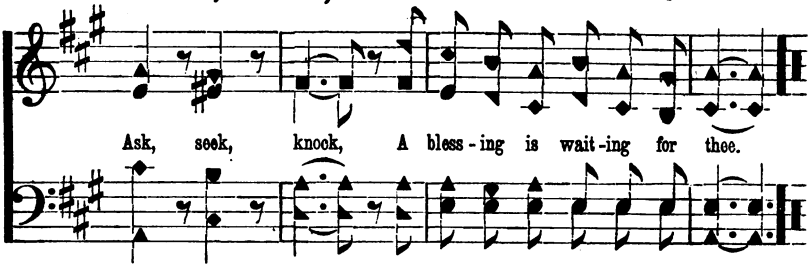
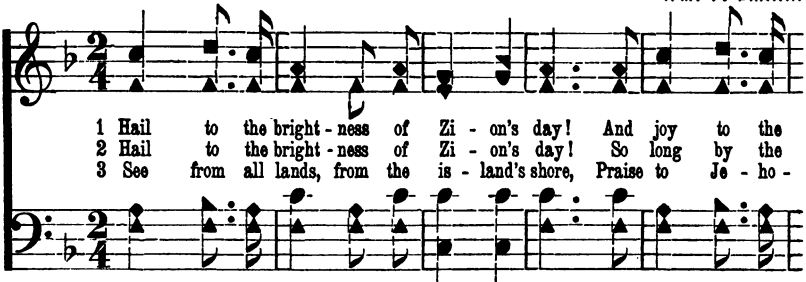
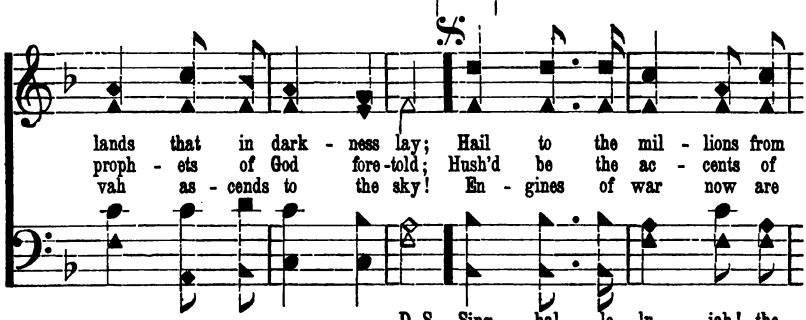
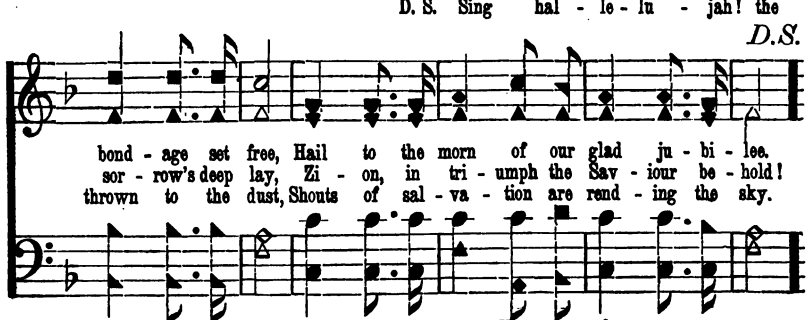
ASK, SEEK, KNOCK. CONCLUDED.



HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. WM. B. BLAKE.







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RING THE BELLS.

WM. B. BLAKE. J. H. TENNEY.

1 Ring the bells of heav'n to-day, let the glad, glad strain Of re-
2 Ring the bells of heav'n to-day, while the an-gels throng Round the
3 Ring the bells of heav'n to-day! ev-er-last-ing praise Be to

joic-ing and praise be-gin, O'er the wan-der-er's re-turn
por-tals of mer-cy's door; And the Fa-ther takes his hand,
God's ev-er-bless-ed Son, Who has bought us with his blood,

to his Fa-ther's house, From the bleak, drear-y plains of sin.
bids him wel-come in, To go out from the fold no more.
made us heirs of God, And pre-pared for our rest a home.

CHORUS.

Ring the bells of heav'n to-day, Chant re-demp-tion's ho-ly song,

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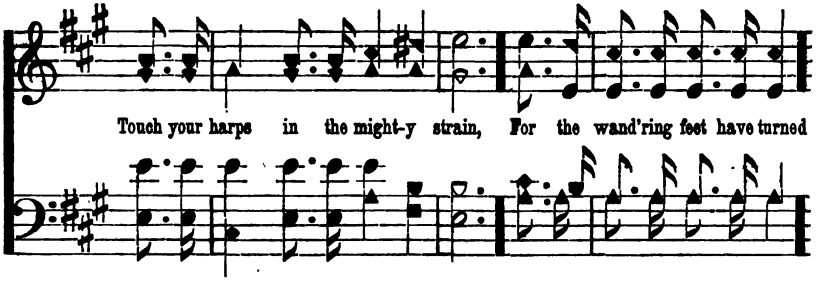
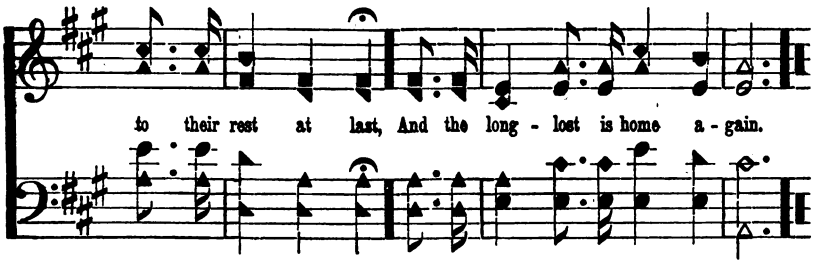
RING THE BELLS. CONCLUDED.

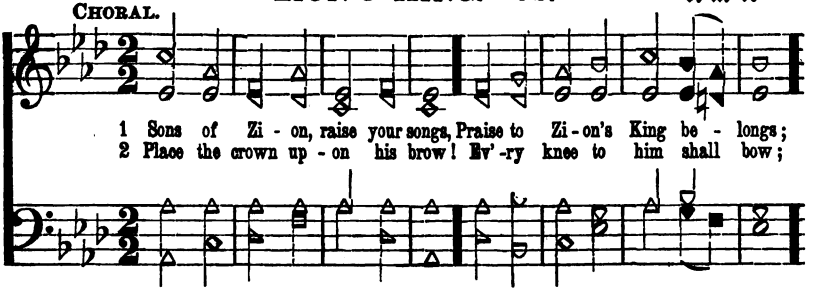


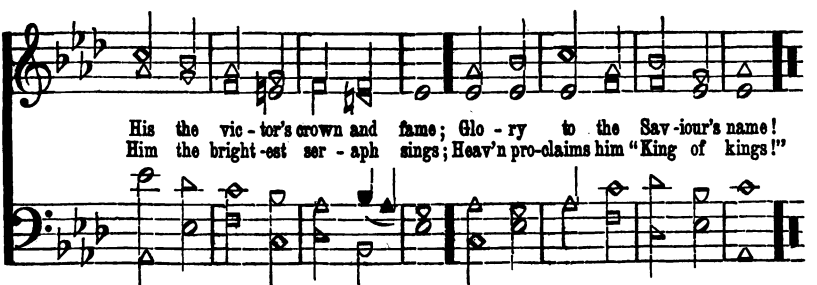


ZION'S KING. 7s.

J. H. T.

CHORAL.





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JESUS! THE VERY THOUGHT IS SWEET.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Je - sus!— the ver - y thought is sweet, In that dear Name all heart - joys meet; But sweet - er than sweet hon - ey far The glimps - es of His pres - ence are.

2 No word is sung more sweet than this; No name is heard more full of bliss; No thought brings sweet - er com - fort nigh, Than Je - sus, Son of God most high. A - men.

3 Jesus, Thou sweetness, pure and blest,
Truth's Fountain, Light of souls distressed,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires!

4 I seek for Jesus in repose,
When round my heart its chambers close;
Abroad, aud when I shut the door,
I long for Jesus evermore. AMEN.

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THE SYCAMORE BOUGH.

THOMAS MACKELLAR. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG, by per.

1 Up - on an an - cient syc - a - more A stur - dy bough there grew,
2 Thus with vain man. In sum - mer days The world a - round him clings;
3 Not so the low - ly man who walks The path that Je - sus trod,

And fos - ter'd myr - i - ads of leaves That hid it - self from view.
It guiles his heart and o'er his faults A leaf - y man - tle flings;
Who dai - ly learns to die; whose "life Is hid with Christ in God."

When win - ter came with an - gry breath, The bough was brown and bare;
It blinds him, till the bit - ter day Of pain and death comes on;
The world be - tween his soul and God Can nev - er in - ter - vene;

Gone were the sum - mer - heart - ed leaves That once were nur - tured there.
And leaves him, then, to bear his woes Un - aid - ed and a - lone.
In joy or sor - row, life or death, His hope is ev - er green.

F

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W. S. M.

OVER THERE.

W. S. MARTIN.

1 There's a cit - y bright and fair, Free from sor - row, pain and care, Just a - cross death's shad - owy riv - er beams that land, . . . And with - in its gold - en street Dear - est loved ones we shall meet, As we
2 We shall share that heav'n - ly land, With the hap - py an - gel band, If we're faith - ful to the trust the Lord has giv'n; . . If the cross we meek - ly bear, We the crown of life shall wear, In that
3 I can see the gold - en shore, I can hear the boat-man's oar, As he comes to bear us o'er the si - lent riv - er; I can hear the notes of praise That the hap - py an - gels raise, As they

CHORUS.

O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there,

go to join that hap - py an - gel band.
bless - ed, bless - ed home in yon - der heav'n.
sing around the throne of God for - ev - er.

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OVER THERE. CONCLUDED.

there,

there, o - ver there, We shall meet to part, no nev - er, We shall

reign with Christ for - ev - er, O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there.

HARTWELL.

A. S. K.

1 Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise!
2 The King him - self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day;
3 One day a - midst the place Where my dear God hath been,

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.
Here we may sit and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
Is sweeter than ten thou - sand days Of pleas - ure and of sin.

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JOYFULLY SING.

H. A. BARNES. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1 We know of One whose prais - es ev - er sing, 'Mid
2 He free - ly took the form of sin - ful man, To
3 As - cribe to Him and that in sweet - est strains The

shin - ing courts where all is joy and love, And un - to him we
teach the Word and do the will of God, To bring a - bout re -
high - est praise that mor - tal lips can lift, For un - to man, this

lift our hearts and sing, In ech - o to the per - fect praise a - bove.
demp - tion's won-drous plan, And on the cross to seal it with His blood.
Sav - iour still re-mains A heav - en's free and life - be - stow - ing gift.

CHORUS.

Then to Him, our ris - en Lord, Joy - ful - ly sing,

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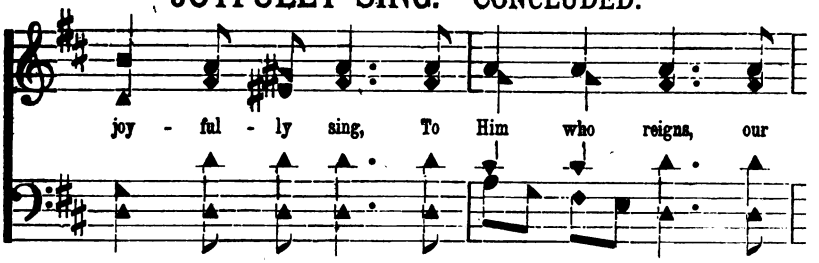
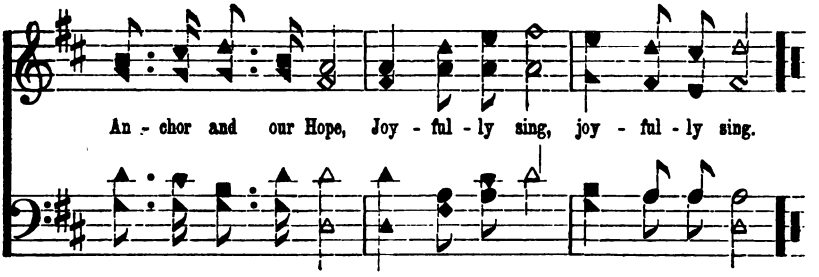
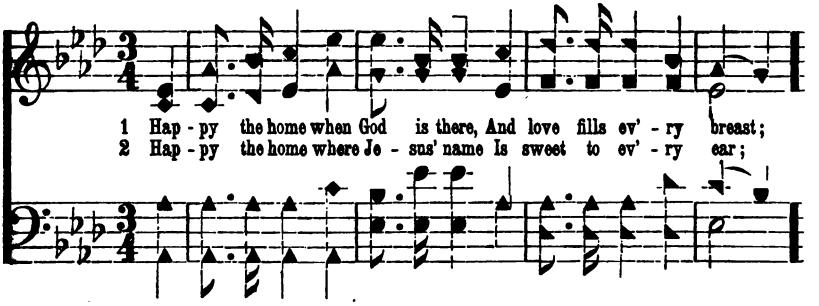
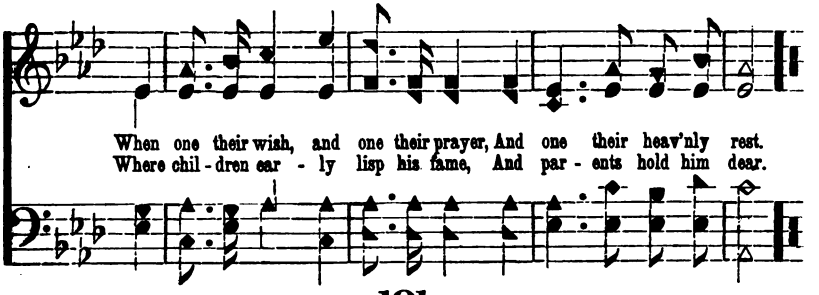
JOYFULLY SING. CONCLUDED.





HAPPY HOME. C. M.





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HAPPY NEWS.

MRS. EMMA PITT. (CHRISTMAS.) J. H. TENNEY.

1 Earth and sky with beau - ty teem - ing, Greet us on this ho - ly day;
2 Wait - ing hearts shall catch the glo - ry, Wond'ring lips the mes-sage tell,

Heart and lips with joy - ful beam - ing Meet us all a - long the way.
Christ is born! oh, wond' - rous sto - ry, Heart and voice with rap - ture swell.

CHORUS.

Hap - py news for ev' - ry na - tion! Peal it forth from sea to sea!

Je - sus came and brought sal - va - tion,—Hap - py news for - ev - er - more:

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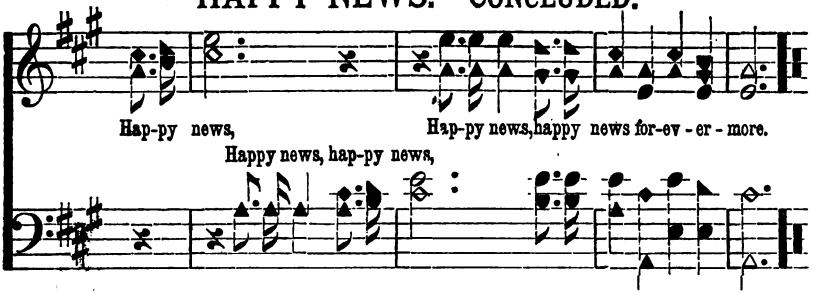
HAPPY NEWS. CONCLUDED.

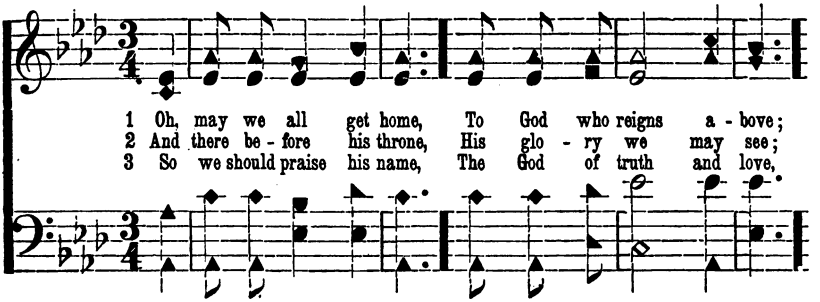


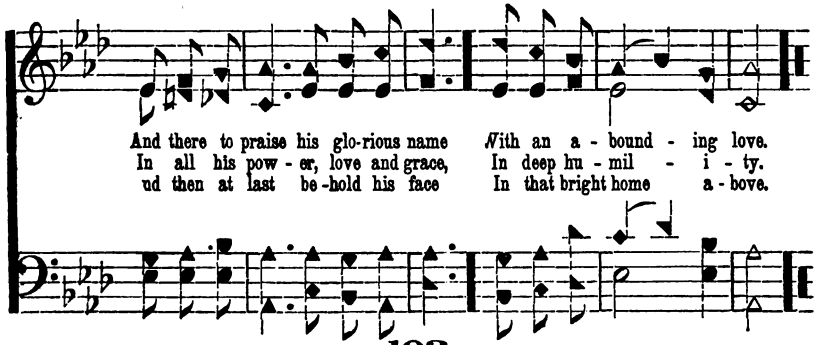
3 Happy news let all be telling,
Tidings glad we carol, too;
May the mighty chorus swelling
Pierce the darken'd ages through.

4 Lord of Lords, and King of glory!
How we love His praise to sing;
Youth so tender, age so hoary,
All may call the Saviour King.

ERNEST. S. M.

J. W. K. J. W. KOUNSH.





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WILLING WORKERS.

MISS ALLIE L. SMITH, Belton, Texas. (CHILDREN'S SONG.) JOHN McPHERSON, by per. Belle Rive, Ill.

1 We're a lit - tle band of work - ers, Met in Je - sus' name,
2 We are will - ing now to an - swer Should He call to - day,
3 Je - sus said to lit - tle chil - dren That He loved them well,

If we ask Him to di - rect us, Bless - ings we may claim,
To pre - pare for fields of la - bor Here or far a - way,
And 'twill please our bless - ed Sav - iour If his praise we swell;

For He tells us that He'll help us, When we do the right,
For we have an a - ble Lead - er, And we work for God,
In the name of Him who saves us We will la - bor on,

And that He will safe - ly lead us Thro' the wea - ry night.
We will la - bor in his vine - yard Guid - ed by His word.
And will ne'er for - get his prom - ise Till the work is done.

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WILLING WORKERS. CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Will - ing work - ers and not shirk - ers, We, each day, would be;

Sin es - chew - ing and right do - ing Till the end we see.

REMEMBER. C. M.

1 Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor now, In these thy youth - ful days;
2 Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor now, And seek him while He's near;
3 Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor now; His will - ing ser - vant be:

He will ac - cept thine earl - iest vow, And lis - ten to thy praise.
For e - vil days will come, when thou Shalt find no com - fort near.
Then, when thy head in death shall bow, He will re - mem - ber thee.

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CROSS OF CHRIST.

J. C. JOHNSON. J. H. TENNEY.

1 Cross of Christ! Thy heal - ing ray Drives our ev' - ry pain a - way,
2 Sail - ing through the storm - y night, On the Mount the bea - con bright,
3 In this world our cross we bear, We with Christ his sor - row share,

All the wea - ry, sin op - prest, In Thy ra - diance may have rest.
Safe - ly guides, and points the way Un - to heav'n - ly, peace - ful day.
We with Christ some time may be Shin - ing through E - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Shin - ing Cross! af - ford Thy beam Till we've crossed yon sul - len stream,

Thence, like Je - sus, may we rise To the light of Par - a - dise!

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MY FEET, MY HANDS.

REV. C. W. RAY. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR, by per.

1 Je - sus, guide my lit - tle feet A - long the heav'n - ly way;
2 Je - sus, help my lit - tle hands To do Thy ho - ly will;

Safe - ly guard them from each snare, Lest they should go a - stray;
Ev' - ry page in my life's book, Help me with good to fill.

I shall be sure to turn a - side, Un - less my foot - steps Thou shalt guide.
How sad life's re - cord, should I make No sac - ri - fice for Thy dear sake!

3

Jesus, touch my little eyes
That I may always see
Work that waits my willing hands,
And shows my love for Thee;
Help me to hear and heed Thy voice,
And daily make Thy ways my choice.

4

Jesus, teach my little lips
To tell thy wondrous love;
Change my prayers to songs of praise,
And bring me safe above.
In mansions bright prepared for me
Thy face and glory I shall see!

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THOU SHALT REST AT EVE.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

Gently and slow.

1 On-ward press, tho' faint and wea - ry, Droop not 'neath the parching sun,
2 Du - ties wait for thy ful - fil - ing, Let thy whole strength go to each,

On - ward thro' the des - ert drear - y, Till the day is won:
With an earn - est heart, and will - ing, La - bor, pray, and teach:

Though thy feet be worn and bleed-ing, Ne'er the nar - row pathway leave,
Fal - ter not be-neath thy bur-den, Je - sus' pre - cious word be - lieve,

Through thy Sav - iour's in - ter - ced - ing, Thou shalt rest at eve.
Faith pre-sents the prom - ised guer-don, Thou shalt rest at eve.

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THOU SHALT REST AT EVE. CONCLUDED.

p CHORUS. *In chanting style.*

Rest on the beau - ti - ful shore, Where no sor - row thy

p

breast can heave, . . Yes, on the bright, beau - ti - ful shore, . .

slow and soft.

Thou shalt rest at eve, . . Thou shalt rest at eve. . .

3

Though the promise long may tarry,
And the way seem dark and drear,
Gloomy doubts and fears still parry,
Night will soon be here:
Loved ones wait beyond the river,
They no longer sin or grieve,
With them, in the bright forever,
Thou shalt rest at eve.

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TRUSTING ALL TO JESUS.

A. J. SHOWALTER. J. K. WOOTTON.

1 Oh, I know not if pur - er I'll be When I come near - er Jor - dan's cold stream, But I know that my Sav - iour loves me,
2 Oh, I know not what trou - bles may come O'er my path to that land of the blest, But I trust still to reach that bright home,
3 Yes, we'll trust all to Je - sus our Friend,— He a - lone is the door to that home; Then if near - er or far be the end,

CHORUS.

And I trust all to Him to re - deem. } Oh I know not, oh, I know not, Oh, I know not what life
Safe with Je - sus for - ev - er to rest. } Oh, I know not, I know not what life may yet be, Oh, I know not what life
We will trust Him and wait till He come. }

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TRUSTING ALL TO JESUS. CONCLUDED.

may yet be; Oh, I know not, oh, I
may yet be, may yet be, Oh, I know not, I know not what

know not, But I trust all, dear Sav - iour, to Thee.
life may yet be, But I trust all, dear Sav - iour, to Thee, to Thee.

PARTING.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1 Chris - tian breth - ren, ere we part, Ev' - ry voice and ev' - ry heart
2 From thy house, when we re - turn, Let our hearts within us burn;
3 Though we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore;

Join, and to our Sav - iour raise Hymns of love, hymns of praise.
That this eve - ning we may say,— We have met thee to - day.
There re-leas'd from toil and pain, We may all meet a - gain.

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THEY SHALL SHINE AS THE STARS.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK. J. H. TENNEY.

1 I have thought of the good in their la - bor of love; Like the
2 I have thought of the treas - ures that to them are giv'n; For the
3 Ah, crowns of re - joic - ing in heav - en they'll wear; And their

stars they shall shine In their glo - ry di - vine, In the
work of their faith; And my soul sweet - ly saith, Glad . . .
crowns they a - dorn, And they have not a thorn, Sav'd . .

CHORUS.

beau - ty of God for - ev - er a - bove.
welcome they'll have to the glo - ry of heav'n.
sinners shall gleam in their di - a - dem there.
They shall

shine, They shall shine, They shall shine as the stars for -
They shall shine, They shall shine,

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THEY SHALL SHINE, ETC. CONCLUDED.

ev - er, They shall shine, They shall shine, They shall shine, They shall shine,

They shall shine as the stars for - ev - er.

"WAKEFIELD."

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made—He calls the hours his own,—
2 To - day he rose and left the dead, And Sa - tan's em - pire fell;
4 Ho - san - na to th' a - noint - ed King—To Dav - id's ho - ly Son,—

Let heav'n re - joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur - round the throne.
To - day the saints His tri - umph spread, And all His won - ders tell.
Help us, O Lord, de - scend and bring Sal - va - tion from thy throne.

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UP AND DOING.

R. A. GLENN.

Earnestly.

1 Up and do - ing, lit - tle chil - dren! Up and do - ing while 'tis day!
2 Now be care - ful, lit - tle chil - dren, No more cross and an - gry words,
3 Je - sus loves you, lit - tle chil - dren, Turn not from His love a - way;

Do the work your Mas - ter gives you, Do not loi - ter by the way.
Fol - low Him who died to save you, Fol - low Je - sus Christ, your Lord.
But go forth and do His bid - ding, Up and do - ing while 'tis day!

CHORUS.

For we all love a work to do, Yes, we
For we all,

all love a work to do, We must love the Lord and o -
Yes, we all,

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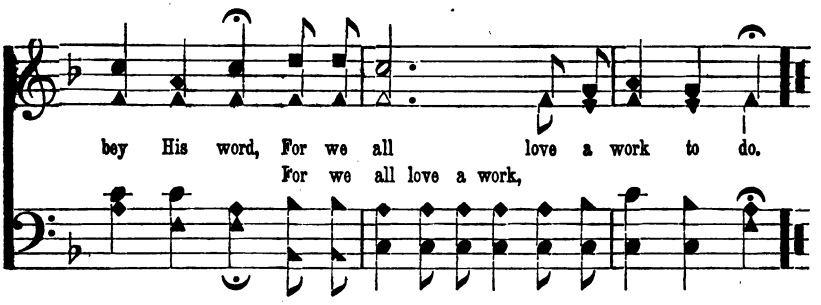
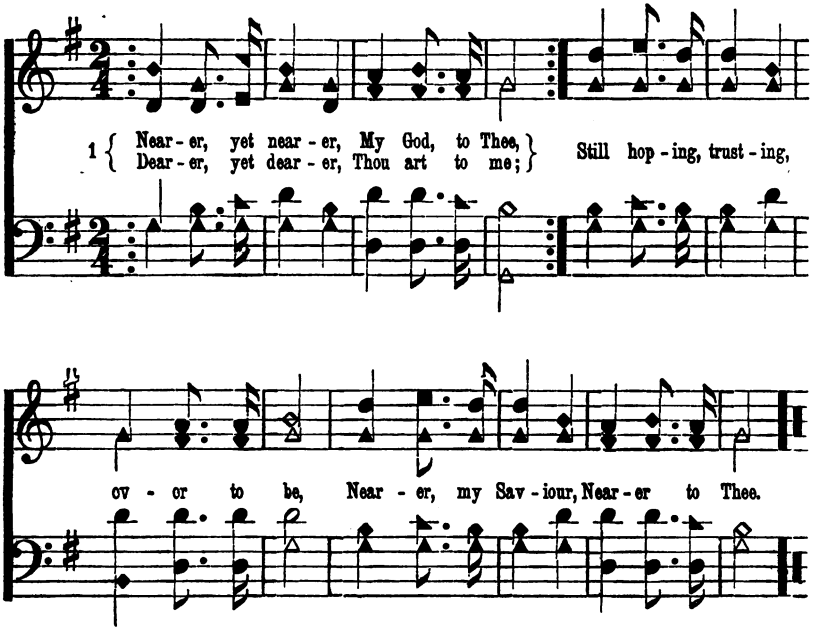
UP AND DOING. CONCLUDED.



NEARER, YET NEARER.

A. S. KIEFFER.



2

Purer, yet purer, I long to be,
Surer, yet surer, My God, of Thee;
Still hoping, praying, Ever to be
Nearer, still nearer, My God, to Thee.

3

Higher, yet higher, Out of the night,
Nearer, yet nearer The throne of white,
Still rising higher, Nearer the light,
Nearer, still nearer The throne of white.

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SPREAD THE GLAD EVANGEL.

MRS. C. L. SCHACKLOCK. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Spread the glad e - van - gel of the world's re -
2 For a world in dark - ness light is ev - er
3 Feed the fam - ished na - tions with the food of

demp - tion, Send the joy - ful tid - ings o - ver land and sea;
shin - ing From the Fount of Mer - cy, Fount of Ten - der - ness;
an - gels, With the heav'n - ly man - na, Christ will free - ly give;

Tell the won - drous sto - ry, Flood the earth with glo - ry;
Tell the won - drous sto - ry, Christ, the King of glo - ry,
He will save the dy - ing, all their need sup - ply - ing,

From his wea - ry bond - age set the cap - tive free,
Lives and reigns for - ev - er Sun of Right - eous - ness,
Bid them look to Je - sus, bid them look and live,

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SPREAD THE GLAD EVANGEL. CONCLUDED.

Set the cap - tive free, set the cap - tive free,
Sun of Right - eous - ness, Sun of Right - eous - ness,
Bid them look and live, bid them look and live,

From his wea - ry bond - age set the cap - tive free.
Lives and reigns for - ev - er Sun of Right - eous - ness.
Bid them look to Je - sus, bid them look and live.

Tell the won - drous sto - ry, flood the earth with glo - ry;
Tell the won - drous sto - ry, Christ, the King of glo - ry,
He will save the dy - ing, all their need sup - ply - ing,

From his wea - ry bond - age set the cap - tive free.
Lives and reigns for - ev - - er Sun of Right - eous - ness.
Bid them look to Je - sus, bid them look and live.

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IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

WM. S. BLAKE.

1 Come to the fount - ain, flow - ing deep and wide, Flow - ing for
2 Ye who are bur - dened with a sense of sin, Feel - ing its
3 Still flows the fount - ain, ev - er full and free, Sav - ing its

sin - ners, from Im - man - uel's side, Rise to sal - va - tion
guilt and se - cret pow'r with - in, May be re - new'd and
thou - sands, e - ven such as we; Come, sin - ner, come, yet

from its pur - ple tide, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
made en - tire - ly clean, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
thou-sands more may be Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Sav - iour's name, He is wait - ing,

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IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB. CONCLUDED.

He is still the same; Come, then, to Je - sus,

sin - ner, you may be Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

URVILLA. L. M.

C. J. MILLER.

1 There is a glo - rious world on high, Re - splen - dent with e - ter - nal day;
2 There shall the fav' - rites of the Lord With nev - er fad - ing lus - tre shine;
3 The shin - ing firm - a - ment shall fade, And spark - ling stars re - sign their light;

Faith views the bliss - ful pros - pect nigh, While God's own word re - veals the way.
Sur - pris - ing hon - or—vast re - ward Con - ferred on man by love di - vine.
But these shall know no change or shade, For - ev - er fair, for - ev - er bright.

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LET NOT THY HOPES DEPART.

M. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1 Oh, Chris-tian sol-dier, on the field, Fear not each fly-ing dart!
2 Oh, strug-gle on a-gainst the foe! Be-fy the temp-ter's art!
3 The great-est dan-ger lies with-in Thy own re-bel-lious heart!

A-bid-ing faith will quench them all— Let not thy hopes de-part!
Thou shalt ob-tain the vic-to-ry! Let not thy hopes de-part!
But thou, by grace, canst o-ver-come! Let not thy hopes de-part!

CHORUS.

The Chris-tian's hope an an-chor is,— An an-chor of the soul!

It keeps its hold up-on the Rock, How-e'er the bil-lows roll!
Rock, ...

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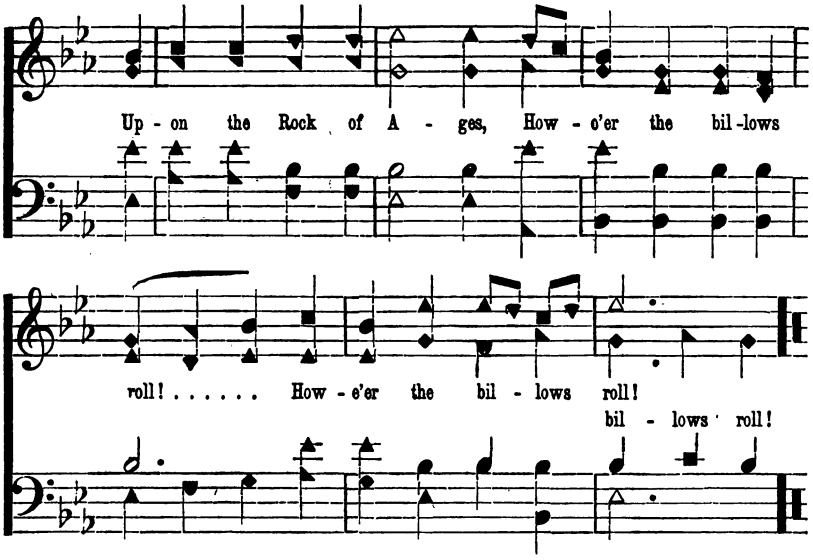
LET NOT THY HOPES DEPART. CONCLUDED.



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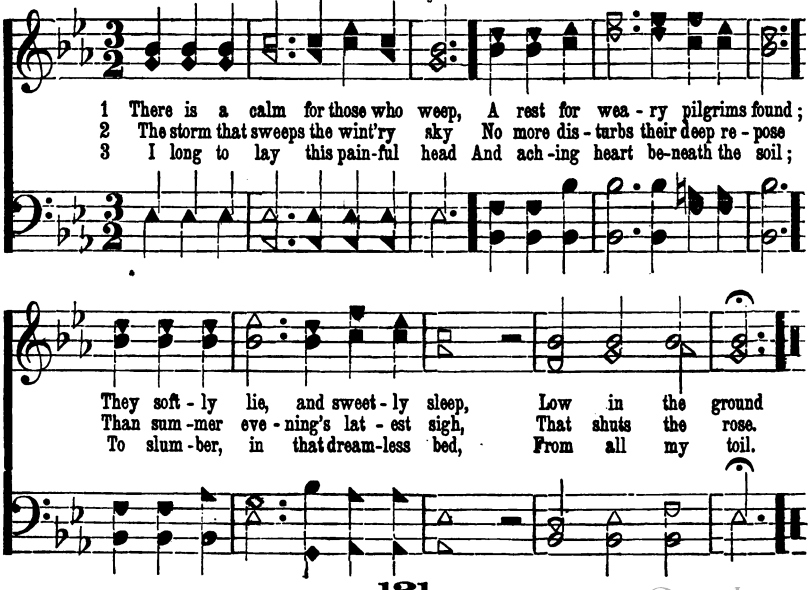
[For Male voices.] J. H. T.



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DRAWING NEARER.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Draw - ing near - er ev' - ry day, ev' - ry day, Near - er
2 Draw - ing near - er ev' - ry day, ev' - ry day, To the

to the soul's sweet home, soul's sweet home, Bright - er, bright - er grows the
land of rest a - bove, rest a - bove, Je - sus kind - ly leads the

way, grows the way, As we near the heav'n - ly dome.
way, leads the way, Through his sym - pa - this - ing love.

CHORUS.

Near - er, near - er to the soul's sweet home, Sings the pilgrim on his way, ...

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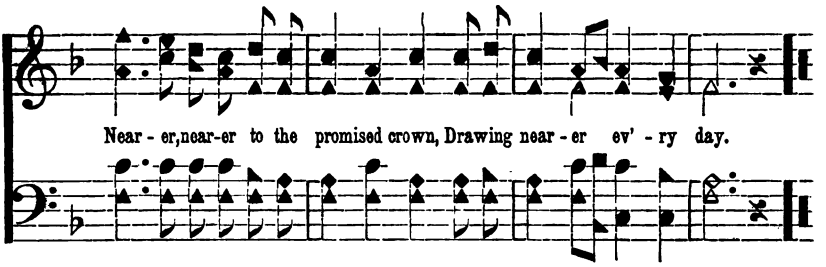
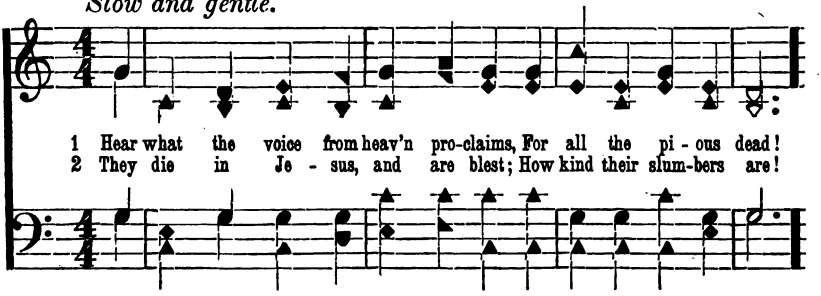


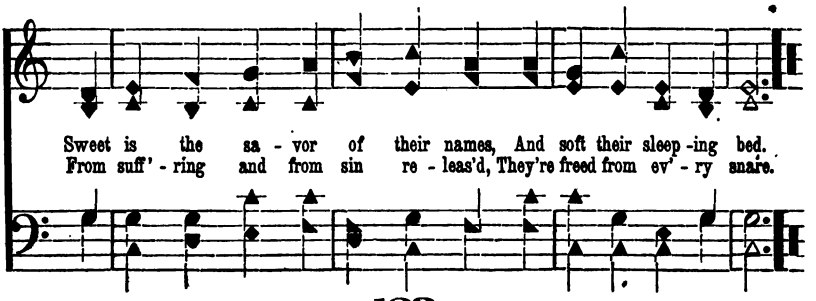
3 Drawing nearer every day,
Nearer to the golden strand;
Clouds and darkness flee away,
And reveal sweet Beulah land.

MENTOR. C. M.

A. N. JOHNSON.

Slow and gentle.





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COME TO THE WATERS OF LIFE.

M. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1 Come to the wa - ters of life, Flow - ing on ev - er - y hand!
2 Come to the wa - ters of life! Come from the des - ert of sin!
3 Come to the wa - ters of life! Do not a mo - ment de - lay!

There is e - nough and to spare, Why will ye per - ish - ing stand?
Free - dom from Sa - tan's con - trol, Here your poor spir - its may win!
Do not the mor - row a - wait! Come to the wa - ters to - day!

Come and your thirst - ings al - lay! List to the wel - com - ing call!
Great as your need may ap - pear, Drink of the life - giv - ing wave!
Ne'er in the wil - der - ness more, Sad and dis - con - so - late roam!

Fount - ains of beau - ty and love, Free - ly are gush - ing for all!
'Twill your in - firm - i - ties cure! 'Twill to the ut - ter - most save!
Why will ye lan - guish and die? Come to the blest wa - ters, come!

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COME TO THE WATERS OF LIFE. CONCLUDED.

REFRAIN.

Come, come, come, Come to the wa - ters of life,

Come, come, come, Come to the wa - ters of life.

SAVIOUR, COMFORT ME.

A. S. K.

1 In the dark and drear - y day, When earth's rich - es flee a - way,
2 When the i - dols all are gone, That my poor heart yearned up - on,
3 Thou who wast so sore - ly tried, In the dark - ness cru - ci - fied,
4 So it shall be good for me, Much af - flict - ed now to be,

And the last hope will not stay, Sav - iour, com-fort me, Sav - iour, com-fort me.
Des - o - late, be - reft, a - lone, Sav - iour, com-fort me, Sav - iour, com-fort me.
Bid me in thy love con - fide, Sav - iour, com-fort me, Sav - iour, com-fort me.
If thou wilt but ten - der - ly, Sav - iour, com-fort me, Sav - iour, com-fort me.

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